C-221-5-2

Northern Messenger

VOLUME XXXIX. No. 16 MONTREAL, APRIL 15, 1904. 30 Cts. Per An. Po...

Wm Bronsecombe 24-0-204

The Talking Tools.

It was the delightful hour of one o'clock and a stream of men and youths were just leaving the engine works at Beyton. They wore grimy ducks, smelt strongly of oil, and looked as if a wash would improve their appearance. But in spite of all, being human, and hungry, and expectant, they were turning their faces homeward. The law of supply and demand was regulating their movements, and engrossing for the while their interests.

In the midst of the works they were leaving was an open yard, littered with heavy lumber. Wheels and axles, deceased boilers and cylinders, which after a career of hard work had reached a well-earned repose, were all peacefully rusting on a ground of mingled cinders and soot. On one side was a dining hall, considerately provided for men who brought their dinner with them. But in fine weather they commonly preferred the yard, where they could enjoy the open air, and the smoke which formed so sweet a dessert. And so some score of the men were sitting on clinker heaps, and old iron, and blocks of stone, and a few railway trucks which were in waiting. And as the dinners disappeared, and the pipes were produced, the more conversational found their tongues.

'Where did you get your bird's-eye, Jack?' asked Tom Mason.

'Shaved it off a railway sleeper,' was the reply.

'Are you afraid it'll all be used up if you split?' his mate asked.

'Well, I think some folks wouldn't leave much,' Jack said.

'Nice, juicy sleeper, anyhow,' said Tom. 'Seems a flavor in it that's rather tempting.'

'Well, if you must know,' said Jack, 'I got it at Will Edward's; and if you like it, I can fit you up with some,' and he threw an ounce to his friend.

'Have a taste, Dick,' said the favored Tom to a carpenter who was engaged on some repairs. He had been called in that morning to do some repairs in the yard, and was now ready to leave.

'Smashed my pipe three months ago,' said Dick, coolly.

A storm of varied expletives and surprises met this calm confession. Dick was a general favorite. He had a clear head, a kind heart, and a ready tongue, though his views on many things found few admirers.

'Hard up, Dick?' asked one. 'We'll make a collection for you.' 'Wants all his tin for chapel,' said another, with a desperate attempt to be funny. 'Thinks it dirty and ungentlemanly,' suggested the stoker, who was sitting on a soot bag. 'Let's hear, Dick,' said Jack; 'I've tried to knock it off a time or two, but it was no go.'

'I gave up the pipe when I gave up the drink, and I am well off without either,' was Dick's reply.

DON'T OVERLOAD YOUR PREACHER.

'Catch me give them up,' said a puffy-looking man, with a red face. 'Directly a fellow is enjoying anything, then your religious people come round and say, "You mustn't. It's naughty. The Bible says you're not to smoke, or drink, or back a horse, or enjoy yourself; but you must go to a prayer-meeting, and keep your breath nice and sweet."' Several hands were clapped at this; and a man, with his mouth full of bread and ham, said, 'I'd like to see the book as 'ud make me give up my vittles, or anything else, unless I'd a mind to. Who'd 'a thought that a Bible could have fallen on Dick, and broken pipe and glass all at once!'

'Why, I thought they'd about made an end of that Book,' said the man who had tried to be funny. 'I've heered that they have been at work a-cuizzing and altering and cutting out, until ther's nought left that's good for anything. I should struggle a bit before I let myself be knocked down with an empty basket.'

'But it's not quite empty yet,' said Dick with a twinkle in his eye. 'There are a few things that I suppose they'll have in it. I've read that some of the most thoughtful infidel chaps are obliged to leave certain bits alone, and these bits all seem forlorn-like by themselves, and gradually draw back the pieces they had taken away, until the Book stands just as it did. I've read a little for and against, and it does seem to me that they've got a big job on hand who are trying to break up that Book. Every part of it so fits into every other part, and it all so squares with what we know of real life, that a lever lock and key are not more evidently made for each other than is that Book for me.'

A contemptuous growl came from the funny man, and he said, 'I never heard anything from the Bible that I felt was made for me. It'll do for your church and chapel set; but a man that's a man wants something more.'

'He may want something more,' said Dick; 'but I've a notion that if he's content with anything less, he hasn't got so much. Take away the Bible, and all it has done, and there would be little security for property, and so little encouragement to work. It isn't the nations which are dark about this Book that have led the world.'

'Well,' said one, 'I hold that you may do without the Bible, and get along just as well. I go in for the present, and let the future take care of itself.'

'Why,' said Dick, 'it's rather queer, but if you close my Bible you might as well close my tool-basket too. Plenty of hard things are said against this Book, and plenty against the life it bids us live. But it seems to me that my tools teach the same; and that the kind of life you condemn is the very life they bid me live.'

'How do you make that out?' asked Jack. 'All bosh,' said Tom. 'He's going to preach a sermon,' said the funny man. 'Go on, Dick, and tell us,' said the stoker.

'Well, mates, if you care to hear, I'll tell you.' Stooping down for a moment, Dick felt in his tool-bag, and produced a square. 'Now,' said he, 'you don't need that I should tell you what this is. He's a plain, simple, matter-of-fact fellow, but of good, sound common-sense. He has no

teeth like the saw, and no edge like the chisel. He cannot strike like the hammer, or grip like the pincers. Indeed, he does no work himself, but only sees that others do theirs. If you have to cut across a plank, or make perfectly straight work of any kind, this is the gentleman you consult; and his decision is supposed to be correct. And he reminds me of the law of God. It tells me whether I am right or wrong. It does not consult my taste or convenience. It simply approves or condemns. It has to do with my duty to God and man. It guides to a correct life. You may disregard it, but you do so at your risk. Suppose I have a chest of drawers to make. I am in haste, and I can't bother to use the square. So I make the frame a little out of the true. The drawers are the same—only in the opposite direction. It is only a little either way. But put them together, and try to get them to work. You can't. The one does not fit the other. So in life. The Book says, "As ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them likewise." But you neglect this rule. You do not apply the square. It is provoking and inconvenient. You do a little wrong. But if work be useless if it be not straight and true, so is conduct. If there is reason on the one side, so is there on the other. Let it be hard work, yet if it be misguided work, see where it will end. I maintain that society doesn't fit, for the great reason that people don't live straight. They don't use the square.'

There was some little applause at this, while Dick replaced the square and took out a saw. 'Now,' said he, 'here is quite a different concern to the square. That was a sort of judge—a foreman of the works, whose one business it is to see that work is truly done—intimately related to the plumb-line, the level, the compasses, the two-foot rule, and the gauge. Not so the saw. He is no fine gentleman. He means work. What teeth he has! How determined he is! Through what tasks he can make his way! What wonders he has done! Fret saw, key-hole saw, tenon saw, rip saw, panel, band, or circular saw—what a business-like family they all are! And so our old friend reminds us that resolute action is needful in carrying out a true purpose. The work can only grow by the wood becoming less. Part has to be cut away that what remains may be of use. Keep all, and it has no value. The secret of our craft is to know exactly how much to lose. And it is the same with the teaching of the Bible. In the lives of bad men and good, as well as in its more direct lessons, it shows us "what to cut off." It may have been as much admired and valued as a right hand or right eye, but it has to go. It may be tobacco' (with a look at Tom), 'or drink, or betting, or unkindness, or many other things; but if they spoil our character, or injure others, they must not be kept. If a man is going to argue against giving up, then he shouldn't make use of a saw, and to be reasonable he should refuse both at once. I grant you it is often hard work, but that don't prove anything either way. The toughest work needs the most determination. Of course, people say "I can't." Everyone feels like that. Even a saw is helpless until it gets into a strong hand. And this book' (and he raised a little pocket Bible as he spoke) 'tells of One who can work his splendid will on the most stubborn material. I know if I trust to my resolution I shall make feeble, crooked cuts. But let the Great Master have me in hand and it will make all the difference.'

There was a dead silence, while Dick felt again in his bag. This time he brought out a smoothing plane. 'Now,' said he, 'this is a tool I like to use. What a new face he puts on a discouraging subject! How he smooths down awkward circumstances! How he shows the grain! How closely he fits two surfaces together! What a finishing touch he puts on a fellow's work! And there is something in this book which answers to the plane. It is a loving, gentle spirit. It is strength put forth in kindness. It is the patient wife bearing with a cross husband. It is the husband bearing with the irritability of his wife. It is the missionary among disgusting savages, saying, "Oh, Lord, I thank Thee that my love increases with their ingratitude and hate." Some glory in having nothing of this. What splinters you get when you touch them? How hard to get in close quarters with such rough, troublesome lives! Ah, but we must try,' and a real good-natured smile spread over his pleasant face, 'and if we are right ourselves we shall soon smooth down some of the roughness of others. Yes, and it makes me think of something grander still. It is God's Son in his great love coming close to us that he may put our sins away, bring man up to his very best, and bring God and man closer together.'

For a few moments all were silent, and then Tom, with a rather thick voice, said, 'But what's a fellow to do that's tried a many times and only failed?'

'Put the saw in the Master's hand, and let him do the work. He won't fail,' was Dick's reply.

'But look at your religious men,' cried another. 'There's that sneak Jim Jaggles, that bolted with the club money. He was a Methody.'

'He didn't use the square,' said Dick.

'I think he'd plenty of glue on his fingers,' said the funny man.

'And then there's Ben Sharp. I know he leads his wife and children a pretty life of it. I've heard him bellowing at them many a time.'

'Forgotten to plane up,' said Dick.' 'No matter what a fellow says, splinters will stick on if you don't plane 'em down. Now, mates, be perfectly sure Jesus the Carpenter of Nazareth will make thorough work if you only let him. But we must stop this, for it's just on two. But I remember some verses I read when I was a boy, and I think they'll make a decent wind-up to my sermon:

'O Lord, at Joseph's humble bench
  Thy hands did handle saw and plane;
Thy hammer nails did drive and clench,
  Avoiding knot and humoring grain.

'That Thou didst seem, Thou wast indeed,
  In sport Thy tools Thou didst not use,
Nor helping hinds and fishers' needs,
  The laborer's hire, too mean refuse.

'Lord, might I be but as the saw,
  The plane, the chisel in Thy hand;
No, Lord! I take it back in awe,
  Such prayer for me is far too grand.

'I pray thee, Master, let me lie,
  As on the bench the favored wood;
Thy saw, Thy plane, Thy chisel ply,
  And work me into something good.

'No, no, ambition, holy, high,
  Urges for more than both to pray;
"Come in, oh, gracious Lord," I cry,
  "Oh, Workman, share my shed of clay.

' "Then I at bench, or desk, or oar,
  With last or needle, net or pen,
As thou in Nazareth of yore,
  Shall do the Father's will again." '

The closing words were almost lost in the loud scream of the whistle which called back the men to work. One or two gave Dick a hearty shake of the hand, and down Jack's face a couple of tears had made two clean little furrows. But it was noticed that none of that group had anything to say henceforward against a religious life, and Will Edwards didn't sell quite so much bird's-eye.—'British Workman.'

Dying in Thousands.

Dying? Yes, dying in thousands!
  A hopeless, despairing death;
Can we not hear them calling—
  Pleading with bated breath—
'Will "no" one come over and bring us light?
Must we perish in darkness, darker than night?'

'Dying!' in cruel bondage,
  With none to set them free;
Though the chains of ignorance and sin
  Are galling so heavily.
The Saviour has freed us 'all,' we know;
Yet 'no man careth' to tell them so!

'Dying!' in loveless silence;
  For there is none to tell
The only message that comforts,
  The message 'we' know so well—
That the God of Love, who gave His Son,
Has given Him freely for everyone.

'Dying!' untaught, uncared for,
  While we, in this favored land,
Who 'know' that they are 'perishing,'
  Lend not a helping hand!
Yet we thank the Lord we are not as they,
That on 'us' He has shed the gospel ray

'Dying!' while we are dreaming
  In selfish idleness;
Unconscious that these darkened lives
  Are so full of bitterness.
Oh, brothers and sisters, for whom Christ died,
Let us spread His message far and wide!

'Dying!' Ah, it is easy—
  Unheeding the Master's call—
To sit with folded hands and sing,
  'And crown Him Lord of all!'
But where are the gems to lay at His feet,
Which may sparkle some day in His crown complete?

'Dying' but 'we' can save them;
  For it really is not 'we,'
But the Lord that worketh 'through us,'
  'His' shall the glory be;
Till at last the redeemed from every shore
Shall 'crown Him' their King for evermore.

—'Irish League Journal.'

BOYS AND GIRLS

The Education of Bones.

(Harriet Lummis, in 'Congregationalist.')

It was the little teacher's first school and the first day of school. She was wearing her first long skirt, too, and had done her hair on the top of her head in the effort to make herself look old and dignified. But down in her heart she felt like a frightened little girl. Some of the older boys, Timothy for one, were taller than she, and when she looked in their direction she unconsciously put on her most severe expression, to make up for her lack of inches.

It was just half-past nine when the visitor came. The scholars were bending over their books, and the schoolroom hummed like a beehive. The little teacher was getting ready to put some work upon the board when the visitor pushed the door open, and came down the aisle with noiseless steps. Then he lay down by Timothy's desk.

The odd thing was that no one seemed to notice it. No one looked up nor laughed. The little teacher was so astonished that for a moment she could not find her voice. Then she said in her sternest tone, 'Timothy Goss, put that dog out.'

Instead of obeying, Timothy raised his hand as a sign that he wanted to speak. 'It's only Bones,' he explained, smilingly. 'Bones always comes to school. He behaves so well that the teachers don't mind and he likes it.' Timothy was going on with his explanation when the little teacher interrupted him by rapping on the desk.

'That will do, Timothy,' she said. 'I don't wish to have you answer me back. Put the dog out at once.'

Timothy rose to his feet in bewilderment, and then Bones, who seemed to understand that he was the subject of the conversation, without catching the exact drift, made things worse. He walked straight up to the teacher's desk, wagging his tail, as if to say, 'I haven't the pleasure of your acquaintance, but I always liked the teachers, and they like me. Let's be friends.'

The little teacher did not understand dogs. She caught up the ruler with a frightened idea of using it to protect herself. 'Call him away,' she cried, her lips very white. In another moment she would have screamed, but Timothy spoke Bones's name, and Bones stopped short where he stood. Then he followed his master out of doors, while the school buzzed with indignation.

District Number Two School was proud of Bones. His record as a school-going dog had been talked of in every farmhouse within a dozen miles. He never missed a session, and not only was he a model of deportment, but he strongly disapproved of anything like inattention on the part of the scholars. If a slate was dropped, or a laugh broke the stillness of the study hour, a low growl from Bones reproved the offender. When a boy wandered off at recess and failed to hear the bell, Bones promptly hunted him up, and drove him back, just as he drove home the cows at sunset. In short, he was one of the features of the school, a sort of teacher's assistant, and to have him turned out in this ignominious fashion, touched the pride of every scholar. But no one else could feel it as Timothy did.

Timothy was the good boy of the school. He was an orphan, and had less to love than some of the others, which may have been the reason why he cared so much for Bones. The two were friends, comrades and allies. They had been inseparable from the time Bones was a clumsy puppy, always tripping over his own paws. And now the teacher had turned Bones out of school and Timothy could hear him whining uneasily under the windows. When the teacher called him to put an example on the board, Timothy shook his head and the scholars whispered to one another. Timothy never failed in arithmetic.

This was the unfortunate beginning of the little teacher's first school, and as the days went by, things grew no better. Bones was no longer on hand to awe the refractory by his low, deep growl. Timothy was sulky, and the others missed the help of his good example. Day after day the inattention and lawlessness grew. The little teacher lost her color and her eyes had a worried look. How could she bear to go home and tell father and mother that she was a failure.

Two slow weeks dragged by, and at last it was Friday afternoon. The hands of the schoolhouse clock were pointing to four. The little teacher kept her voice steady till school was dismissed, and then she sat down and cried. She was to spend Saturday and Sunday with friends in the next village, and for these two days she meant to forget all about school worries. After she had refreshed herself by a good cry, she wiped her eyes and went cheerily to work sweeping up the schoolroom and setting things to rights. School District Number Two expected the teachers to act as janitors as well.

She carried her dust-pan and broom into the closet, hung them on the wall and then turned to go out, when a breeze swept through the open windows and closed the door. The little teacher laughed—her heart was light by now—and felt for the latch. The surface she touched was smooth. There was neither knob nor latch on that side. The little teacher was a prisoner.

It took her some minutes to realize what it meant. She was shut in the closet of that lonely schoolhouse, and it was Friday night. The people at her boarding-house would not expect her back. Her friends in the adjoining village would suppose that she had been prevented from making her visit. The schoolhouse stood back from the road, and it was unlikely that the few passers-by would hear her screams. They might not find her till the boys and girls came to school on Monday morning.

'Oh, what shall I do!' cried the poor little teacher. 'What shall I do!'

Then, though she knew that it was almost useless, she screamed until she was hoarse and out of breath. After that she crouched on the closet floor, shivering and putting her hands over her face.

All at once her straining ears caught a sound in the schoolroom. Velvety footsteps came nearer and nearer, there was a sniffing at the crack of the door and then a short, quick bark. 'Oh, Bones,' cried the little teacher. 'Dear old Bones!'

In the dark she held out her hands to him, crying for joy. And Bones evidently understood, for in a moment she heard him jump and catch the latch in his teeth. The door did not open, but the shaking and rattling of the latch were some comfort. That dreadful sense of being alone and forgotten no longer weighed her down. Bones was there.

For five minutes Bones jumped and growled and worried the latch, and then all at once there was the sound of scurrying feet across the schoolroom floor. 'Bones,' the little teacher called faintly. 'Oh, Bones, come back,' but no understanding bark answered her.

But though she was alone again, there was a tiny hope down in the little teacher's heart which kept her company. Somehow she could not believe that Bones had deserted her. In spite of herself she trusted him. He would come back. He must come back. But as the slow minutes passed, the hope grew fainter, and the old dread returned. If Bones had forgotten her, whom could she trust.

It seemed to the little teacher that she had been imprisoned for hours, when there was a lusty barking outside the schoolhouse door, and again Bones's padding footstep made music in her ears, while behind him sounded the glad clatter of Timothy's boots. When the closet door opened, the little teacher tumbled out upon the floor in an undignified heap. Without a word she put her arms around Bones's neck, and that meant more to Timothy than any words of thanks she could have spoken to him.

While Timothy helped her finish cleaning the blackboards, he told her all about Bones, and his record for school attendance, and the little teacher was sorry that she had not listened to the explanation earlier, and Timothy was ashamed not to have made allowance for her not knowing that Bones was an uncommon dog. And both agreed that another time they would try their hardest to see things from the standpoint of others as well as their own.

On Monday morning when Timothy walked into school, a brindled dog followed at his heels, and lay down in the aisle. And when a little later Eb Cole shuffled his feet noisily, Bones looked up with a low growl that spoke volumes. Every boy and girl in the room realized that the time of disorder and inattention had passed, and went to work with a will. And until there is a new teacher in School District Number Two, there will be no further interference with the education of Bones.

A Bagster Bible Free.

Send four new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at thirty cents each for one year, and receive a nice Bagster Bible, bound in black pebbled cloth with red edges, suitable for Sabbath or Day School. Postage extra for Montreal and suburbs or foreign countries, except United States and its dependencies; also Great Britain and Ireland, Transvaal, Bermuda, Barbadoes, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands and Zanzibar. No extra charge for postage in the countries named.

Little Dorry, the Sea-Waif.

(Richard Dobson, in 'Michigan Advocate.')

Quite a number of years ago we made a visit to the now famous watering place on the Lancashire coast in old England, called Blackpool, and with several friends engaged a sailboat for a day's sail along the picturesque Lancashire coast. Our sailboat proved to be a stout, well-built fishing sloop, with an experienced sailor in charge. A good stiff breeze tipped Old Ocean with white caps, and our trim little sloop went scudding before the wind at a lively rate, and the entire party of men and women enjoyed the invigorating sensations peculiar to a sailing vessel on a sea voyage under a stiff breeze.

After running down the coast for many miles, one of the party said that he saw something that looked like a capsized boat off that point of land known as 'Black Rock point.' There was in our party a Methodist local preacher known simply as 'Tommy Atkins.' Tommy Atkins belonged to the New Connexion Methodists, and was known far and wide in the West Riding of Yorkshire as a real genuine Methodist preacher, full of power and of the Holy Ghost. He had keen eyes, and he said that he saw the object, and he believed that it was a capsized boat beating on the rocks.

Soon the skipper's attention was called to the object and he sustained the other keen-eyed landsmen, and at once directed the course of the vessel toward the distant object. In a short time we rounded Black Rock point, and came close to the spot where a small sailboat was pounding upon the rocks bottom upward. There was a picturesque little cove just around the point of rocks inland into which the skipper ran his boat, and we all stepped to the shore. Strange as it may seen, the preacher was the first to perceive a queer-looking object upon the beach a little distance from where he had landed, and in a direct line from the foundered sailboat.

Duff, the youngest in our party, was the first to get up to the object, which now excited our curiosity, and what was our astonishment to find wrapped about by an old sail, which had no doubt served through many a stress of weather on some noble ship, and now was doing gallant duty in protecting from the elements the yet warm body of a little girl of wonderful beauty and sweetness, who seemed to be sleeping the last sleep of death, so still and quiet were the features and form of the beautiful little sea-waif.

The bronzed old captain came waddling and puffing entirely out of breath with his tramping in the soft wet sand of the seashore to get to the scene. But he was worth more than all the rest of us, when he got there, in efforts of resuscitation. His seafaring knowledge stood him in hand, for with the united efforts of the rest of us we were soon delighted to behold the most beautiful blue eyes open upon us in wonderment and surprise. Her long golden hair lay limp and dripping with salt sea water upon her now heaving bosom.

The first words that this little seawaif uttered were, 'Where is my mamma and papa?' It brought tears to every one to hear her. When we asked her what her name was, she said, 'Dorry, little Dorry.' Tommy Atkins, the preacher, then said he would adopt the little sea-waif. 'Aye, and I will wait till she grows up to be a lady, and then I will marry her,' said Duff. 'Little Dorry shall some day be my bride, God being willing.'

No trace could be found of the bodies of the unfortunate parents of sweet little Dorry, who in their last paternal efforts to save their offspring, had succeeded in wrapping around her the old canvas which with the aid of wind and sea had thrown her high on the beach. The old captain urged us to betake ourselves to the boat at once, or it would be night ere we should arrive in Blackpool if we delayed any longer.

Our eager concern for little Dorry detracted much from our enjoying the return trip. When we arrived at Blackpool, we hastened to our lodging and the ladies of the party did their very best to make comfortable the beautiful sea-waif which the sea had cast into our hands. With consent of the authorities of Blackpool the good and noble Tommy Atkins took little Dorry home with him, Duff all the way home repeating his first promise that he would wait for little Dorry to grow up to be a fine lady, and then he would marry her and no other.

Time is ever on the wing. Years passed swiftly away. The incident on the picturesque Lancashire coast had become to us a far-off vision. One beautiful Sabbath evening we were slowly plodding alone the one crooked, straggling street of the village where resided Tommy Atkins. Years had passed since we had seen him, or the beautiful sea-waif that he had adopted under such strange circumstances. The sun was gilding the western heavens with his golden radiance. The hilltops were refulgent with the glory and glamor of our English sunset. There was a peace and a quietness which pervaded the atmosphere of the quaint old village, which was suddenly broken in upon by sweet melody from a chime of bells in the distant steeple of the old parish church.

As the old landmarks appeared, a vivid recollection of sweet little Dorry and her benefactor rose up. We thought of Dorry as she then was, and not as she would now appear after so many years. We thought that Dorry must still be small and quite young and pretty. Of course our old friend Tommy Atkins would only be a little older, but not changed much. Ah, there is the old cottage with its latticed windows. The red-tiled roof as of old. The mullioned doors and windows; the green hawthorn edge around the cottage dooryard.

But what can be going on in their cottage this quiet Sabbath evening? I see young people making their way into the cottage through the old-fashioned doorway. What can be going on there? 'Tis the time of day when the old preacher would most likely be miles away preaching the gospel at the evening service. Perhaps Dorry, little Dorry, is with him presiding at the organ where he is preaching. Shall we go in? Will we be recognized? As these thoughts came trooping through our mind, the door opened, and there stood our old friend of the long ago. There was mutual recognition. The quaint old figure, straight as an arrow, twinkling blue eyes, black hair now streaked with gray; withal a cheery, merry countenance and a hand ever ready to shake.

As we met and clasped hands I said, 'How is Dorry, little Dorry?' There was a shadow that flitted across his countenance and a tear stood in his eye as he drew me in. Ah! what a sight it was that met my astonished gaze. There, bolstered up in bed, lay Dorry; not little Dorry of the years ago, as I last saw her, but Dorry grown up to woman's estate, but wasted with that dread disease consumption. Around her were seated her Sunday-school class, which had come to pay the last token of respect and love to her blessed memory and life. It had been her wish that they should come that Sunday evening before the sun should set; for she had told them that she should never meet them again in class. There were the same beautiful golden tresses, the same sky-blue eyes, the same classic face, attenuated, wan and pale, yet withal beautiful and divine in its mold. And could this be the sprightly, vivacious little Dorry of so long ago?

When Tommy Atkins told her that here was a friend from America, who was with him when she was found, a sea-waif, apparently dead, on that picturesque Lancashire coast, and that I had come to see her, the tears welled up into her blue eyes, and then she said:

'Friend, I am now about to go on another journey, but 'tis not on stormy seas and dangerous rocky shores, but to a beautiful land where I shall meet my long lost mamma and papa; and there will be no wrecking, nor drowning, nor dying;' and her eyes sparkled with the divine light that radiated from her angelic face.

The last rays of the departing sun came slanting in through the latticed window, and lit up that beautiful countenance with a glory and a refulgence that was just heavenly and divine. Soon she asked to be bolstered up more in bed and then she said, 'I feel like singing, I am so happy.' There was all around that bed silent smiles of approval, while tears filled every eye; and then she began to sing a beautiful song, of which we now remember but one verse. 'Tis as follows:

'If this be death, I soon shall be
From every sin and sorrow free;
I shall the King of glory see;
All is well, all is well.'

It seemed like an angel's song from a far-off land. The sweet silvery voice grew fainter and fainter, until the last words of the song seemed to fade away like whispering echoes from the distant hilltops. The tongue grew silent, and in another moment she was gone. 'Twas a sad and pathetic tale indeed, as we soon learned.

Duff, whom we remember as saying that little Dorry should some day be his bride, had been true to his statement. He had grown to love and adore the 'little sea-waif.' As she grew up toward woman's estate, the hope grew stronger within him that she should be his bride. With this purpose in view, years before, he had left England for America with the intention of making his fortune, and then coming back for his bride, sweet Dorry, the sea-waif. Some time before Dorry died, word came that Duff had joined the American union army, and at the battle of Missionary Ridge had been found among the slain. So little Dorry the sea-waif, soon

after went to join her lover in that land where they neither suffer nor die any more nor marry nor are given in marriage.

Sally Ambrose's Basket.

(Harold Farrington, in 'The Wellspring.')

Amanda Ferguson, who lived in the old colonial brick mansion with the massive white pillars in front, had ways of her own. Some people called her notional; others spoke of her as eccentric, and when she established the free scholarship at Kendall College, in memory of her father, Judge Amos Ferguson, there was aroused more than a passing degree of curiosity as to the method she had decided on for its disposal.

Of course it was to go to a girl—that was a foregone conclusion, for if anyone more than another believed in the higher education of woman, that one was Amanda Ferguson. Yet the exact interpretation she put upon 'higher education' was a matter little known outside her own household.

'Who ever gets it will work for it; the Fergusons were never known to give things away outright—'tisn't in them,' prophesied old Mrs. Thurston, who lived within a stone's throw of the stately brick mansion, and had known the Ferguson family going on three generations. 'And, too, whoever gets the scholarship will deserve it—'twon't be given hit-or-miss or because of favoritism.'

'No; I presume not,' commented one of the neighbors, leaning over the low garden fence. 'Amanda Ferguson's got judgment if she is odd. 'Twill do good, that scholarship—but I'd kind of like to know how she'll award it.'

'I have my suspicions that'— Mrs. Thurston suddenly checked herself. 'Now hear me—when I know absolutely nothing more about it than an utter stranger—not in the least!'

'I heard 'twas to go to a Brocton girl; don't remember who told me.'

'Yes,' resumed Mrs. Thurston, 'she believes in helping her own townspeople the first. And one of this year's high-school graduates will get it—it's to become available in the fall.'

On Tuesday afternoon, the second week in July, each girl who had been a member of the recent graduating class at Brocton received a concisely written note in Miss Ferguson's prim delicate hand.

'If you care to become a candidate for the free scholarship at Kendall College, covering all expenses for the full four years' course, beginning with the opening of the next college year, present yourselves with something you have made—without any help from others—at my home, Thursday, at 2.30 o'clock.'

Perhaps nothing had ever caused more excitement and eager comment among all the young people of the said New England village, than these peculiarly worded notes from Amanda Ferguson.

'What she wants us to bring something for I can't see,' and Helen Hartzell assumed her 'solution pucker.' 'Can you?' turning to the three mystified girls, who had run in that afternoon to talk over their 'scholarishp summons,' as Ethel Mason aptly characterised it.

'Not unless'—Estelle Robinson looked puzzled.

'Unless what?' expectantly pressed Helen.

'Oh, I don't know; but she has some purpose in it!'

'Undoubtedly,' and Helen slowly re-read her 'summons,' whose contents she had already learned by heart. 'Perhaps it's just to get better acquainted with her and to talk matters over.'

'But the things—those we've made!' suggested Sally Ambrose from the 'quiet corner,' for there was where the homelike little body was usually found.

'It may be she wants to see if we can do anything,' and Helen looked meaningly at the fancy articles that here and there adorned the Hartzell sitting room. 'But I don't know; I guess we'll have to wait and see. I wish she hadn't put it off till Thursday—it's such a long time to be held in suspense. I shall take some pieces of my Mexican drawn work.'

'I have a beautiful centrepiece—embroidered with American Beauty roses; that will please her. It took me weeks to do it,' and Estelle changed her seat to the sofa.

'I wonder how she'd be impressed with burnt leather; there's the necktie case I made for father,' thought Ethel. 'I never could do embroidery—I haven't the patience!'

'Sally, your offering now on the scholarship altar,' and Helen raised the curtain a trifle to admit more light.

'Mine? Nothing—you know, girls, I've no talent! I can study, but that's nothing to my credit—I was born so. I'm afraid I shall have to give up the idea of college and the scholarship. But I would so like—you all can go anyway!'

'But there's something you can take—that you've made! And this doesn't settle the scholarship, little pessimist; it's only a peace offering,' encouraged Estelle.

'It has more to do with it than you may think—or she wouldn't have made such a request. And I've nothing to take; it would be foolish for me to go there with a gingham apron. That's about all I've had time to make out of school hours—such things as we've absolutely had to have!'

It was true Sally Ambrose had no great knack for fancy work; nor since her father's death, leaving the family dependant upon the exertions of his wife and oldest daughter, had she time for such occupation. 'Twas a wonder to the neighborhood how Sally had managed to keep along with the high-school work, to say nothing of the fact of her leading her class.

She was naturally quick; pluck and determination, with no thought of giving up, did the rest. But a college course away from home, the added expense of board and travel, and the numerous incidentals, seemed to her practical nature—well, 'twas in the indefinite future.

'If I could only get the scholarship! But then, there are other girls, no doubt, who would make better use of it,' unselfishly.

'Tut, tut! I never hear unchallenged any disparaging remarks concerning my daughter,' cautioned Mrs. Ambrose, very playfully; yet with that half-concealed wistful tone in her voice. She, too, had hoped—but then, no one could tell what Amanda Ferguson would do!

'I don't think I'll go, mother!' It was after the council at Helen Hartzell's had broken up. 'I've never done anything but patch and hem—just plain sewing. The other girls have beautiful things to take. I'm afraid, mother, the scholarship's out of my reach.'

Mrs. Ambrose sat thinking.

'Don't you?' after a moment's silence.

'She didn't say 'twould have to be fancy work, dear; the only restriction was that it must be made without any help from others. Can't you think of anything that somebody I know can make better than anyone else in the world!'

'You don't mean me!'

'Whom else could I mean!' fondly.

'Why—I—'

'You remember what Aunt Sarah said when she took dinner here on her way to California?'

'You don't suppose Miss Ferguson would—'

'It's a hint, dear,' interrupted Mrs. Ambrose, with her fond mother look.

'I never thought I could do that—that she might intend one to bring things of that sort!'

'I'm sure Miss Ferguson—while she may not have thought of it—would wish my daughter to take what she can do best; I've no doubt of it!'

On Thursday afternoon, eleven girls were ushered, one after another, into the richly furnished east parlor of the old Ferguson mansion. It was a beautiful day, with now and then a roguish breeze stealing softly through the open windows.

'This your handiwork?' and their hostess took the carefully done up package, as each girl was received, and carried it to a table in the room beyond.

'I wonder where—if Sally isn't coming?' inquired Helen, anxiously, after nearly all the girls had arrived. 'She said she'd changed her mind; I hope she hasn't rechanged it!'

'As you may have surmised from the notes you received,' said Miss Ferguson, smiling pleasantly, 'I have decided to make the award of the Ferguson scholarship on a competitive basis. By consulting the school records I have learned that you all are able to enter college in the fall without condition—a splendid record.'

Every girl was listening intently.

'While this is greatly to one's credit, I regard other things in a girl's education equally important; it is the combination of the practical with the mental that I consider the best preparation for the duties that await every young woman. Consequently I have asked each one of you to bring me something you have done—absolutely your own work—that I may judge something of the practical side of my girls—for may I not call you so?'

Miss Ferguson stooped to pick up her handkerchief that had dropped to the floor.

'I will keep the articles you have brought for a few days, and then return them with a note to the one whose work best stands the test of my examination, awarding her the free scholarship at Kendall College. I have some light refreshments in the dining room, if you will be pleased to come out.'

'I thought 'twould be that—something of the sort,' whispered Ethel.

'So did I!'

'And I!'

'I surmised it from the first!'

And the girls quickly passed out through the folding doors.

'What did you bring?' Helen was seated at Sally Ambrose's right.

'Nothing as pretty as your Mexican work—just the most ordinary things imaginable.'

'But what!'

'Bread and—'

'Sally!'

'Yes; 'twas all I could do!'

Three days later, Sally Ambrose received from the stately brick mansion the following note:—

'The Ferguson scholarship has been awarded the one who can make good bread, clear jelly, and bake a spare rib to delight an epicure. And the donor congratulates the young woman who combines, in such eminent degree, the elements of the practical with the so-called higher qualities of the mind. I heartily wish her the success she deserves.'

'To think that my basket brought me the scholarship!' exclaimed Sally, with pardonable delight.

''Twas not the basket, dear, but that which the things within it stand for,' replied Mrs. Ambrose, meaningly.

Do It Yourself.

Why do you ask the teacher or some classmate to solve that hard problem? Do it yourself. You might as well let someone else eat your dinner as to 'do your sums' for you.

Do not ask the teacher to parse all the difficult words or to assist you in the performance of any of your duties. Do it yourself. Do not ask for even a hint from anybody. Try again.

Every trial increases your ability, and you will finally succeed by dint of the very wisdom and strength gained in this effort, even if at first the problem is far beyond your skill. It is the study, not the answer, that really rewards your pains.

Look at that boy who has succeeded, after six hours, perhaps, of hard study. How his eye is lit up with a proud joy as he marches to his class!

He recites like a conqueror, and well he may. His poor, weak schoolmate, who gave up that same problem after the first faint trial, now looks upon him as a superior. The problem lies there, a great gulf between those boys who stood yesterday side by side. They will never stand together equals again.

The boy that did it for himself has taken a stride upward, and, what is better still, gained strength for greater ones. The boy who waited to see others do it has lost both strength and courage, and is already looking for some excuse to give up both school and study for ever.—A. N. Raub, in 'Success.'

Old Country Friends.

Do our subscribers all know that the postage on papers to Great Britain and Ireland has been so greatly reduced that we can now send any of our publications, postage paid, at the same rates as obtain in Canada.

'Daily Witness,' post paid, $3 a year.
'Weekly Witness,' post paid, $1 a year.
'World Wide,' post paid, $1 a year.
'Northern Messenger,' post paid, 30c year.

The Miami Captive.

(Irma B. Matthews, in Michigan 'Advocate.')

The sun was on its way toward the western horizon, and shone upon a scene of peace and beauty. Far, far away in all directions stretched the beautiful broken greens of forest wilds. A tiny, pearly stream wound its way lazily in a zigzag course under the overhanging branches.

Near the bank of this little river a traveller would have found himself in a small clearing that clearly showed the work of man, for in the centre stood a rude log cabin. Humble though it was, everything around the little home was neat and attractive. Just now from the open doorway came the sound of the spinning-wheel.

Along the little stream a child of five or six years of age wandered, throwing sticks in the water and watching them as they floated off down the stream.

The sun sank lower and lower, and soon the whir of the wheel ceased and a woman appeared in the doorway, shading her eyes with her hand. 'Mary!' she called, 'where are you, child?' but the echo of her own voice was the only answer.

'She has gone to meet father and the boys,' the woman said, and turned again to her work, without the least uneasiness.

She hung a huge kettle in the fireplace and began to stir the mush, the chief dish for the evening meal, indeed, the only one except some steaks of venison.

At length there came the sound of voices, and a man with two stalwart boys came into the room. Boys they called them, although either was taller and far broader than his father.

'Supper ready, mother?' asked the elder, Will. 'I'm well nigh-starved.'

The mother turned with a smile to answer, but stopped short: 'Where is Mary, Will?'

'Mary? Why, mother, surely the lass is here,' her husband interposed, quickly.

The mother's face became ghastly as she answered:

'She was playing by the stream, and when I called her but a short time ago she did not answer, and I thought she came to meet you.'

'Do not be frightened, mother,' said Henry, 'the child has not gone far. We will find her presently.'

Leaving the supper untasted and telling the mother to stay there, as she might return herself, they started forth.

An hour dragged by, and then another, that seemed like an eternity to the waiting mother. Then the boys returned. They had found no trace, and decided to wait for their father before setting forth again. He came at length, and with a haggard face placed an object on the table before them. A moan from the mother was the only sound that broke the stillness. The faces of the men were rigid, for that object was an Indian moccasin.

The father spoke first. 'We must be up and doing,' he said. 'Will, get the horses ready. You and I will follow the trail. Henry, you must stay with your mother. Mother, get some of the dried venison and corn bread ready. We cannot stop for any food.'

The tasks were performed in silence. Mr. Harris examined carefully the rifles of himself and son, and with a few parting instructions to Henry they set out.

The days dragged wearily on, and on the evening of the fifth two weary, disheartened men rode up to the door.

Their search had been in vain. They had lost the trail and knew not which way to proceed, and so had returned.

The years passed on, but no news ever came of the lost maiden, and at length she became only a memory to all save the mother. The father was called to the long rest, the boys were married with homes of their own, and another Mary clambered on Mrs. Harris's knee.

One day a travelling hunter stopping at the home of Will Harris, told him of a white woman living with the Miami Indians.

Will Harris made a journey to the place and found that indeed it was his sister. She had married an Indian chief and had a family of children. She refused to return to her friends, pleading that her heart was with her Indian family.

Mrs. Schermerhorn has woven this refusal into a poem, of which the following are extracts:

Let me stay at my home in the beautiful west,
Where I played as a child,—in my age let me rest;
Where the bright prairies bloom, and the wild waters play,
In the home of my heart, dearest friends, let me stay.

Let me stay where the prairies I've oft wandered through,
While my moccasins brushed from the flowers the dew:—
Where my warrior would pluck the wild blossoms and say,
His White Rose was the fairest—O here let me stay!

The Young Man and the Bundle.

A PARABLE.

(William H. Hamby.)

As a young man prepared to set out on a journey across the desert, a stranger approached carrying a large bundle.

'Will you bear this across the desert for me?' he asked. The young man hesitated. The way was long, the day would be hot, and the bundle looked heavy. Yet the stranger was old and looked tired.

'Yes, I will carry it,' replied the young man.

The bundle was heavy. As the day drew on the air grew intensely hot, and the sand impeded his way, so he travelled slowly.

At noontide he had not traversed half the distance. The desert spread out limitless around him and the fierce sun burned into his very brain. There was no shelter in sight. He struggled on, weary, hungry and parched with thirst. At last he sank exhausted upon the sand, saying, 'This is the end.'

He thought of the bundle which he had carried all the way, and turned to open it. To his joy he found it contained a tent, food and drink. After he had rested in the shade and refreshed himself, he looked carefully at the wrapping of the bundle and saw written upon it—'Duty.'

The Story of One Japanese.

In a little booklet, 'How Missions Pay,' fresh from the pen of the Rev. Dr. J. W. Laughlin, the story is told of the work accomplished by Joseph Hardy Neesima in Japan. He writes:

'A half century ago a boy was born in the Japanese empire. By some fortunate providence a copy of a Chinese translation of the Bible fell into his hands. Soon a glimpse at a map of the United States gave him a desire to see the new world, but Japanese law forbade emigration and he was compelled to run away. He stole on board a ship at Shanghai and worked his way to Boston, where he came under the influence of Mr. Joseph Hardy, a Christian philanthropist, who offered to educate him. He entered college and became a Christian. He took Mr. Hardy's name. He finished his college course with honor and went back to Japan to become the first native evangelist of his race. He collected money with which to erect the Doshisha, the first great Christian school of the empire. He used to say that he could have been nailed to a literal cross with less suffering than he was compelled to endure while at work upon that school. But by no tempting offer of personal gain could he be induced to turn aside from his course as a missionary, and when he died there were hundreds of young men and women all over the empire who testified to the influence which the life of Joseph Hardy Neesima had upon them.'—'The Ram's Horn.'

'I Just Keep Still.'

'How is it, Rob,' asked one boy of another, 'that you never get into scraps, like the rest of us?'

'Because I don't talk back,' answered Robbie, promptly. 'When a boy says a hard thing to me I just keep still.'

Many a man whose life has had in it a good deal of trouble and opposition would have saved much if he had learned in his childhood the lesson which this little fellow had mastered—that of 'keeping still.' If the hard word hurts, it will not make it easier to make an angry reply. If you do not answer at all, it stops right there; if your tongue cannot be restrained, nobody knows what the result may be. It doesn't matter so much what your playmate says, so long as you keep your temper and hold your tongue; it is what you reply to him, nine cases out of ten, that makes the quarrel. Let him say his say, and be done with it; then you will find the whole annoyance done with much more readily than if you had 'freed your mind' in return.

'Just keeping still' is one of the things that saves time, trouble and wretchedness in this world. The strong character can be quiet under abuse or misrepresentation, and the storm passed by the sooner. Patience sometimes serves a man better than courage. You will find again and again, that the way to 'keep out of scraps' is to keep still.—M. H. N., in the 'Christian.'

When in Trouble.

'When a boy,' said a prominent member of a church, 'I was much helped by a certain bishop, who visited at a house where I was. Taking me aside, the bishop said: "When in trouble, my boy, kneel down and ask God's help; but never climb over the fence into the devil's ground, and then kneel down and ask help. Pray from God's side of the fence." Of that I have thought every day of my life since.'—'Ram's Horn.'

Forty Dollars Worth of Temper.

Whoever wishes to hear a solemn, almost tearful, oration on the evil of losing one's temper should apply to a certain scientific gentleman in Washington, of whom the 'Star' tells a tragic story.

He had a Negro servant who exasperated him by his stupidity. One day, when he was more stupid than usual, the angry master of the house threw a book at his head. The Negro ducked and the book flew out of the window.

'Now, go and pick that book up!' ordered the master. The Negro started to obey, but a passerby had saved him the trouble, and had walked off with the book. The scientist thereupon began to wonder what book he had thrown away, and to his horror discovered that it was a quaint and rare little volume on mathematics which he had purchased in London, and paid $50 for it.

'The next time that I feel that it is absolutely necessary to throw things,' he exclaimed in his sorrow, 'I'll choose something less expensive than a favorite book.'

But his troubles were not over. The weeks went by, and Time, the great healer, had begun to assuage his grief, when, strolling into a second-hand book shop, he perceived to his great delight a copy of the book he had lost. He asked the price.

'Well,' said the dealer, reflectively, 'I guess we can let you have it for $40. It's a pretty rare book, and I dare say I could get $75 for it by holding on a while.'

The man of science pulled out his wallet and produced the money, delighted at the opportunity of replacing his lost treasure. When he reached home he sat down at the table to gloat over his find, and a card dropped out of the leaves. The card was his own, and further examination showed that he had bought back his own property.

'Forty dollars' worth of temper! Huh, I think I shall mend my ways!' he was overheard to say. His daughter, who tells the story with glee, declares that the Negro servant is positively worried over the sunny disposition of her father. He feels that the worthy man must be ill.—'Youth's Companion.'

A Gentleman.

I was once spending the night in a beautiful home in a large city. At about nine o'clock my host, a gentleman about fifty-five years of age, got up, went into the hall, and put on his overcoat and rubbers. Returning to the parlor door, he said:

'Excuse me, please, for just a few minutes. I am going to say good-night to my mother.'

His mother lived three blocks distant, and for thirty years her son has never failed to go and bid her good-night, if he was in the city.

'No matter what the weather may be, no matter who his guests are, my husband never fails to run over to his mother's and bid her good-night,' said the gentleman's wife when he had gone.

'Neither he nor she could sleep if this duty had been neglected. When his business compels him to be away from the city he writes to her every day, if only a single line.

'Her mental powers are beginning to fail, and she forgets many things, so that her mind is a blank on some points; but when nine o'clock comes, she always knows the hour, and says: "It is time for Henry to come and bid me good-night." '—Selected.

Politeness is a sort of guard which covers the rough edges of our character and prevents their wounding others.—Joseph Joubert.

A Young Lady Acting as Servant.

Lady Aberdeen, in the course of a lecture delivered the other day, on women in Canada, told an anecdote which, she said, was a perfectly fair illustration of the Canadian woman. The Governor-General and his wife were making a journey across the Dominion, and dined one night at a house 'remarkable, even among Canadian homes, for its charm and beauty, presided over by one of the most attractive of mistresses.' They were waited on by so trim a parlormaid that Lord Aberdeen felt constrained to compliment the hostess on the results of her training. 'Oh!' said the lady, 'I am so glad you think Jane did well; I should like you to tell her so presently.' And when that 'presently' came, said Lady Aberdeen, what should she discover but 'Jane' arrayed in evening dress, and proving to be the daughter of the house, who, in consequence of the unexpected departure of the servant, had had not only to wait at table, but to cook the meal.—This girl acted up to the apostle's precept: 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it heartily.' There is still a higher step in service, indicated in the next words —'unto the Lord.' (Col. iii., 23.)—'The Christian Herald.'

Some time ago a Franklin, N.Y., business man inadvertently gave a customer a $10 gold piece for fifty cents change. The customer who received the $10 gold piece observed to another party a few hours after that it was the funniest 50-cent piece he had ever seen. 'Yes,' replied the new arrival, 'but I'll give you two quarters for it.' The fool and the knave closed the bargain; the fool walked off with the two silver quarters, and the knave with the yellow piece. The loss of the $10 gold piece worried the Franklin merchant because he could not account for its disappearance. During the recent revival in Franklin, conducted by the Rev. H. W. Pope, superintendent of the Northfield Extension, the man with the $10 gold piece was converted, and finally restored the gold piece to the merchant. Justice was thus rendered on all sides.

Special Clubbing Offer.

'World Wide' and 'Northern Messenger,' one year each, only $1.00 for both. Postage extra for Montreal and suburbs or foreign countries excepting United States and its dependencies, also Great Britain and Ireland, Transvaal, Bermuda, Barbadoes, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands, Zanzibar. No extra charge for postage in the countries named.

Telephoning to Dogs.

A French tourist relates that some time ago he set out to cross St. Bernard's Pass by himself, and got caught in the fog near the top. He sat on a rock and waited for one of the dogs to come and attend to him, but in vain, and when the fog cleared away he managed to reach the hospice. On arrival he observed that he thought the dog a rather overrated animal.

'There I was,' he said, 'for at least six hours, and not one came near me.'

'But why,' exclaimed one of the monks, 'why did you not ring us up on the telephone?'

To the astonished tourist it was explained that the whole of the pass is provided with shelters at short distances from each other, all in direct telephonic communication with the hospice. When the bell rings, the monks send off a hound loaded with bread and wine and other comforts. The dog on duty is told what number has rung, and he goes straight to that shelter. This system saves the hounds their old duty of patrolling the pass on the chance of a stray traveller being found, and as the pass is for about eight months of the year under snow, this entailed hard and often fruitless labor.—'Baltimore Sun.'

A Game for 'Good Points.'

'Why, Margaret, how bright you are looking to-day!' cried the neighbor who had just run in to cheer up the lonely invalid. 'You must have had a number of callers this afternoon?'

'No, I haven't had any.'

'I don't see how you stand it, you poor dear, and you look so happy; happier than I do, I know.'

'Oh, I've had a really pleasant day,' said the invalid. 'I've just thought of such a delightful way of amusing myself. I've been naming over all the good points in the characters of the people I know, and, really, I had no idea there were so many in each one. It took me ever so long to go over the people I know well. I shall look at those people quite differently now. My mind has been delightfully busy all day.—'The Christian Guardian.'

A Regular Boarder.

That a frog should travel a mile in order to return to its accustomed home shows more intelligence than frogs are generally credited with. The Philadelphia 'Record' is responsible for the following:

Three years ago a farmer named Anderson found a large frog in front of the spring-house, and when the milkmaid opened the door to put her pail of milk in the spring, the frog hopped in behind her.

'Why,' said the maid, 'but you're a big fellow!'

It was a big fellow. From his nose to the ends of his extended legs the frog measured fifteen inches. It hopped out of reach of the girl's hand and partially buried itself in a bed of clay in the darkest corner of the spring-house. There, in a torpor, neither eating nor drinking, it remained until the spring. Then it departed.

Each autumn since then the frog has appeared at the first sign of frost, and has made his winter bed in the spring-house. This year he came as usual. But the farmer desired to make an experiment on the frog. He was awakened, lifted from his warm clay nest, placed in a waggon and carried to a place a mile down the road. There he was left.

Before evening he was back again. The milk-maid found him at sunset seated before the spring-house door, waiting patiently to be let in.—'Youth's Companion.'

Be Careful of your Voice.

You often hear boys and girls use words, when they are vexed, that sound as if it were made up of a snarl, a whine and a bark. Such a voice, we are sure, often expresses more than the heart intends, but it clings to one through life. Some children have a sharp voice for home use, and keep their best voice for visitors. We would say to all boys and girls: 'Use your guest-voice at home. Watch it day by day as a pearl of great price, for it will be worth more to you than the finest pearl of the sea. A kind voice is a lark's song to a hearth and home. Train it to sweet tones now, and it will keep in tune all through life.'—'Child's Guide.'

Borrow With Care.

The man who hires money to work for him needs to know what wages he can afford as accurately as if he hired men. Peter Cooper, it is said, taught this lesson to a friend who was talking of borrowing for six months at three percent. We clip the following story:

'Why do you borrow money for so short a time?' Mr. Cooper asked.

'Because the brokers will not negotiate bills for longer.'

'Well, if you wish,' said Mr. Cooper, 'I will discount your note at that rate for three years.'

'Are you in earnest?' asked the would-be borrower.

'Certainly I am. I will discount your note for ten thousand dollars for three years at that rate. Will you do it?'

'Of course I will,' said the merchant.

'Very well,' said Mr. Cooper. 'Just sign this note for ten thousand dollars, payable in three years, and give me your check for eight hundred dollars, and the transaction will be complete.'

'But where is the money for me?' asked the astonished merchant.

'You don't get any money,' was the reply. 'Your interest for thirty-six months at three percent per month amount to one hundred and eight percent., or ten thousand eight hundred dollars. Therefore, your check for eight hundred dollars just makes us even.'

NORTHERN MESSENGER PREMIUMS

A reliable and handsome Fountain Pen, usually sold at $2.00, manufactured by Sandford & Bennett, New York, given to 'Messenger' subscribers for a list of six new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 30 cents each.

The People's Horse, Cattle, Sheep and Swine Doctor. This book gives a description of the diseases of the Horse, Cattle, Sheep and Swine, with exact doses of medicine. Usually sold at $1.00, will be given to 'Messenger' subscribers for a list of five new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 30 cents each.

BAGSTER'S MINION BIBLE, suitable for Church, Sabbath School or Day School. Each boy and girl reader of the 'Messenger' should possess one. Given for four new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 30 cents each.

BAGSTER'S LONG PRIMER BIBLE — A handsome Bible, gilt edges, with the addition of 307 pages, containing the following Valuable Bible Helps, Concordance, Alphabetical Index, Maps, and Illustrations, with other aids to Bible study. Given to 'Messenger' subscribers for thirteen new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 30 cents each

What Might Have Been.

A question about how Frank is employed down at the work-rooms of the picture-enlarging company brought an explanation from his chum—'Frank is only a shipping clerk. It annoys him frightfully to be nothing more than that, for his wages are not much. You see they pay some of their people down there large salaries. The artists who work in oil get about £500 a year, and the re-touchers get as much as £150. Frank could have learned it all. He has the talent for it all right, and his sister who's out in California now, used to be one of their finest artists, and she offered to give him lessons at home in the evenings. But Frank didn't want to stay in; he had too good a time running around with the boys. So he wouldn't take the lessons, and he's still just shipping clerk. Yes, you're quite right; he sees his mistake now.'—'Temperance Record.'

Any one of the many articles in 'World Wide' will give three cents' worth of pleasure. Surely, ten or fifteen hundred such articles during the course of a year are well worth a dollar.

'Northern Messenger' subscribers are entitled to the special price of seventy-five cents.

'World Wide.'

A weekly reprint of articles from leading journals and reviews reflecting the current thought of both hemispheres.

So many men, so many minds. Every man in his own way.—Terence.

The following are the contents of the issue of April 2, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

Easter at the Sepulchre—By E. G. Harmer in the 'Christian World,' London.
How Moscow Keeps Easter—By Annetta Halliday-Antona, in the New York 'Observer.'
The Tsar and the Kaiser—By Arnold White, in 'Everybody's.'
The Japanese Protectorate of Corea—Its Commercial Future—The Manchester 'Guardian.'
The First Englishman in Japan—The 'Morning Leader,' London.
Mr. Balfour the Peacemaker—The 'Saturday Review,' London.
The Story of the Cabinet Crisis—The 'Spectator,' London.
Indian Education—Lord Curzon's Memorandum—The 'Daily Telegraph,' London.
Lord Curzon and Reaction—By Sir Henry Cotton, in the 'Daily News,' London.
The Fight at Jidballi—The Somaliland Expedition—Special from Duhung to the 'Scotsman,' Edinburgh.
Army Reform—An Influential Work on a Subject of Urgent Importance—By Eldridge Gerry Dunnell, in the New York 'Times' Saturday Review.'

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

Richard Strauss and His Music—By G. W. Harris, in the 'Independent,' New York.
Bishop Gore on the Craftsman's Art—The 'Church Times,' London.

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

Come, Ye Faithful, Raise the Strain—From the Greek of St. John of Damascus (787)—By Dr. J. M. Neale.
'A Voice Crying in the Wilderness'—An Impression of the Rev. R. J. Campbell—By Harold Begbie, in the 'Daily Mail.'
Mr. Hardy's Lyrics—By Canon Beeching, in the 'Pilot,' London.
Why is Poetry Declining?—By G. K. Chesterton, in the 'Christian World,' London.
Ireland in the New Century—By W. L. Courtney, in the 'Daily Telegraph,' London.

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE

Darwin and His Successors—By J. T. Cunningham, in the 'Pilot,' London.
'A Dial from his Poke'—English Country Life.'
'They Manage Things Better in Japan'—The 'Youth's Companion,' Boston.

CUT OUT THIS COUPON.

'World Wide'

BUT, Subscribers to the 'Messenger' may have 'World Wide' at the specially reduced rate of 75 Cents,

Will be sent to any address for twelve months for $1.00.

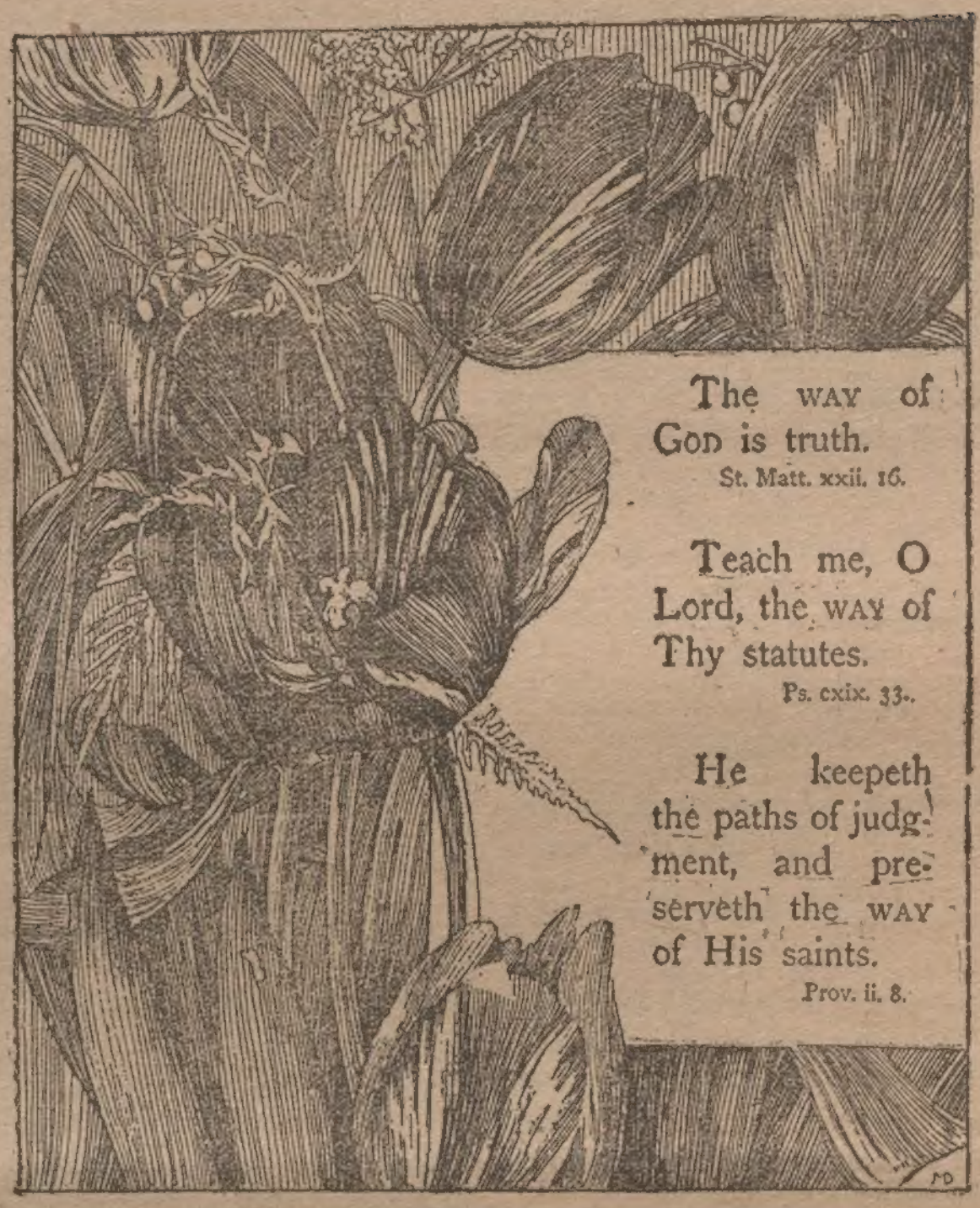
by sending this coupon, or they can have the 'Messenger' and 'World Wide' for 12 months on trial, the two papers for a dollar bill.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers, Montreal.

LITTLE FOLKS

Happy Days in the Country.

(By Jeane Robertson, in the 'Canadian Baptist.')


The WAY of God is truth.
St. Matt. xxii. 16.
Teach me, O Lord, the WAY of Thy statutes.
Ps. cxix. 33.
He keepeth the paths of judgment, and preserveth the WAY of His saints.
Prov. ii. 8.

Katherine and Nell had had a day of it. Fresh from the city, how they revelled in the fresh air and sunshine, roaming in the orchards, hiding in the tall grass, and playing hide-and-seek with Rover. Grandpa had been into town and had carried them off, as he had done in summers past, in his nice new spring buggy, promising to return them in a few weeks.

'Let the little ones try their wings, Helen,' he had said to his daughter, when she expressed her reluctance to allow them to go without her. 'We will take care of them all right, won't we, my dears.'

'Oh, yes, mamma, we will be so good and do what grandma and grandpa tell us,' said Katherine.

'We be so good,' echoed little Nell.

And the dear mother saw her darlings tucked into the buggy, while old Rover bounded about with short delighted barks, for he loved the children and anticipated a good time with them. He seemed to say 'Yes, yes, we will have lots of fun, and I'll take care of you all right.' So off they went, leaving mamma standing at the door looking a little lonesome already.

'Never mind, mamma, we'll soon be home again,' called Katie, as kisses were thrown and hands waved.

''Es, mamma, we'll soon be back,' piped Nell.

Out of the city into the suburbs, then right out into the country. O, what a delightful time! Past orchards, with their luscious fruit ready to be picked, whole fields of waving grain, birds, trees and every thing in the height of its glory.

At last the home of their grandparents was reached, and up the avenue to the door they drove, where grandma joyfully welcomed her pets. After a little lunch, all over the house they went, as they were wont to do, seeing where mother played when she was a child, out into the garden, where she had climbed the trees, and to the old swing she had used. Off to the barn hunting eggs they scampered, renewing acquaintances with the fowls and animals of the barnyard. Then, after the bright, busy day was over, across the fields came Uncle Tom and Ned, who were mines of wealth in story-telling and fun of all sorts. What riding on shoulders, what teasing and playing they had, as all gathered about the supper table. But bedtime came, and little children must go away into the sleepy land and be rested for another day. So after prayers were said to grandma, the little ones cuddled down and were soon fast asleep.

Down in the kitchen old farmer Saunders and his wife were talking. 'It appears to me, wife,' said Farmer John, 'that when two of our own children can be so happy here, we might be able to manage with a few more after these little ones have gone home. There are hundreds in the Orphan homes in the city, and it has just come to me that we might take ten or more in charge for a week or so, and give 'em a good time.'

'I'm glad you mentioned it, John dear,' replied his wife. 'I have been thinking the same thing, and as Mary will be home soon for her holidays, between us we could look after that many. Besides, John, 'Inasmuch' is the word of the Master, and it will bring honor to Him.'

'Then that's settled,' replied the kind-hearted old man. 'I'll write to the Superintendent of the Home and have it all arranged.'

And so he did, and word came that the Home authorities would be only too glad to let the children go. So for two weeks ten little ones lived in the glad anticipation of a holiday in the country.

The day came at last for Katherine and Nell to return home, and they were delighted at the thought of seeing dear mamma again, for never had they been so long away from her.

'O, Grandpa, what a lovely time we have had, and how good of you

to take such care of us,' said Katherine.

'Nice gan'pa,' said Nellie, 'Good kind gan'ma, too,' as she went from one to the other with the dear little lips puckered for a kiss.

They had been told of the orphan children coming, and wondered how they could help them have a good time. 'We can just tell them where the best places are,' said Katherine. So both children set to work, and made placards with the most wonderful printing on them. One read

THIS IZ
A GOOD PLAIS TO
HYDE.

Another

BEWAIR
THEYR'S A BIG SNAG
Heare

(a tie-post over which each had tumbled). Another intimated that

FAYRIES LIVE HEARE
RELE LIVE WUNS

And several similar notices—a labor of love for the stranger children who were to visit at the farm after they had gone home. Even such acts as these are not unnoticed or forgotten by the angels.

They came, ten of them, and what a fulness of joy was expressed on their happy countenances as they drank in the beauty and freshness that was around them. Farmer John was everything to all children, and was in his glory at 'drop-the-handkerchief,' 'tag,' 'hide-and-seek,' and all the games that children love. And what good meals were prepared by the kind wife and her daughter. The allotted time went by, but leave was granted at the urgent request of Farmer Saunders and his wife for an extra week. And in the fortnight enough happiness was stored in their little lives to carry them far into the weeks and months of city life to come.

Farmer John and his mild, kind wife sat together on the verandah talking, as the sun disappeared behind the trees in the distance. A sweet sadness had come over them.

'Wife,' said he, 'I'll never forget this summer. It's been the happiest and most worth-while summer I have spent since our little Ruth went away. Seemed as if I could see her eyes looking out of some of the pretty faces.'

'Yes, John,' answered his wife, as she wiped away the tears that would come, though not all of sorrow. 'Ruthie is nearer to me now than she ever was before. "Blessing thou shalt be blessed," and what better thing could we ask of God than that He would help us to realize, more fully than ever, that our darling child is not dead but only gone before.'

Farmer John leaned over and kissed his wife softly and tenderly. 'Wife, dear, she cannot come to us, but we can go to her,' he said, 'and perhaps in that bright land she and we may hear the Master say, "Ye did it unto me."'

Christobel.

(A Story for Children, in 'Sunday at Home.')

(Continued.)

And now Christobel saw that the little girl was clasped in another angel's arms, who seemed to have entered with the sun, and as he smoothed back her tangled hair he pressed a kiss of such sweetness on her lips, that she lay her head back in his arms with a smile of perfect content.

'The angel will take her home now, to be glad for evermore, far away from misery and sickness. Come, we have more to do, little Christobel.' And with a great content at her heart, Chrissie went with the angel, rejoicing in the little girl's happiness.

And then suddenly Chrissie found herself in quite a strange country.

There were strange plants and trees, and wonderful birds and animals, and the sun was very hot and the land was very beautiful.

Somehow Chrissie hardly noticed the sun; perhaps because the angel was with her, and his shadow sheltered her.

Presently she saw some trees which she recognized at once as palm-trees. She had seen them in pictures at home. Then Chrissie knew that she was in India, and she saw that they were approaching an Indian town.

They stopped before a large white house, and entering through an archway, found themselves in a courtyard round which the house was built, and which had a verandah running round part of it.

Then Chrissie heard the wailing voice of a little girl, evidently tired out with weeping. She did not see any one, however, till the angel took her through another archway into a courtyard, like the one they had left, though smaller. 'The women live in the upper part of this house,' the angel said, 'and you have heard that it is called the Zenana. Down below are the kitchens and where the cattle live. And this,' he continued, speaking tenderly, 'is a poor little out-cast, because she is a widow.'

Lying on the ground on her face, with the fierce sun beating down upon her, was a little Indian girl, even smaller than Chrissie. Her clothes were rough and ugly. She wore no pretty ornaments such as Indian girl's wear, and the chuddah, which is the part of the Indian girl's garment that she pulls over her head, had half fallen off, so that Chrissie saw that her hair was cut short.

'Tell me why she is so unhappy,' Chrissie cried to the angel.

'Because she is a widow' he replied, 'and her religion teaches that it is her fault if her husband dies, though she has never even seen him; and she must always be cruelly treated and despised; and there are many more like her,' and the angel sighed. 'When she is old enough, she will in her turn learn to be unkind to little widows younger than herself. She does not know that God above loves her: she has no joy to look forward to, or she would not be so desolate. Now she longs for water, and they will give her none till the sun goes down.'

And then Chrissie went up to the little girl and put her arms round her, and begged her not to cry.

The Indian child looked up and seemed to understand, and then Chrissie pulled the chuddah over her head, so that the sun should not be so hot for her. A great feeling of pity had arisen in her heart, and she longed to help the little heathen in such distress. She seemed to understand when the child said: 'Thank you for loving me; it is better than water when one is thirsty.'

(To be continued.)

LESSON IV.—APRIL 24.

The Mission of the Seventy.

Luke x., 1-16.

Golden Text.

Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he would send forth laborers into his harvest. Luke x., 2.

Home Readings.

Monday, April 18.—Luke x., 1-16.
Tuesday, April 19.—Luke x., 17-24.
Wednesday, April 20.—Matt. x., 5-15.
Thursday, April 21.—Matt. x., 16-27.
Friday, April 22.—Ezek. iii., 1-11.
Saturday, April 23.—Matt. xxv., 34-46.
Sunday, April 24.—John xvii., 6-19.

1. . . . After these things the Lord appointed other seventy also, and sent them two and two before his face into every city and place, whither he himself would . . . come.

2. Therefore . . . said he unto them, The harvest truly is great, but the laborers are few: pray ye therefore the Lord of harvest, that he would send forth laborers into his harvest.

3. Go your ways: behold, I send you forth as lambs among wolves.

4. Carry neither purse, nor scrip, nor shoes: and salute no man by the way.

5. And into whatsoever house ye . . . enter, first say, Peace be to this house.

6. And if the son of peace be there, your peace shall rest upon it: . . . if not, it shall turn to you again.

7. And in the same house remain, eating and drinking such things as they give: for the laborer is worthy of his hire. Go not from house to house.

8. And into whatsoever city ye enter, and they receive you, eat such things as are set before you:

9. And heal the sick that are therein, and say unto them, The kingdom of God is come nigh unto you.

10. But into whatsoever city ye . . . . enter, and they receive you not, go your ways out into the streets of the same, and say,

11. Even the very dust of your city, which cleaveth on us, we do wipe off against you: notwithstanding be ye sure of this, that the kingdom of God is come nigh unto you.

12. But I say unto you, that it shall be more tolerable in that day for Sodom than for that city.

13. Woe unto thee, Chorazin! woe unto thee, Bethsaida! for if the mighty works had been done in Tyre and Sidon, which have been done in you, they had a great while ago repented . . . , sitting in sackcloth and ashes.

14. But it shall be more tolerable for Tyre and Sidon at the judgment, than for you.

15. And thou, Capernaum, which art exalted to heaven, . . . shall be thrust down to hell.

16. He that heareth you heareth me; and he that despiseth you despiseth me; and he that despiseth me despiseth him that sent me.

(By R. M. Kurtz.)

INTRODUCTION.

We are entering upon the study of the closing months of the life of our Lord upon earth. The great Galilean ministry is over, and, after attending the Feast of Tabernacles at Jerusalem, the Master directs his steps toward Perea. This was the region east of the Jordan, and in that day it had a considerable population, most of which was composed of Jews. A reference to the map will be of great aid in this lesson.

To-day we learn of the way Christ prepared the people of Perea for his own work among them. The Perean ministry lasted several months, estimated at from four to six.

Though not a special missionary Sunday, the instructions given by the Lord to the seventy as they set out upon this mission, makes a good missionary lesson. Call the attention of your class to the fact that discipleship does not mean simply to believe and to live correct moral lives. The word 'Gospel' means 'good news,' and the man who is rejoicing in having heard and believed this good news, ought to, and will, if he is a true disciple, tell or send it to those who have not heard it.

In business great importance attaches to the testimony which the older customers of a firm bear to the worth of its product. Large companies send out much printed matter containing testimonials as to the worth of their goods. Now, if this is important in attaining success in some enterprise of this life, how much more important it is for the members of the church of Christ to bear their testimony to people who have not yet heard the Gospel.

Not only was the commission given, for a limited territory, but at the close of his life on earth Christ commanded his Gospel to be preached to all the world.

THE LESSON STUDY.

Verse 1. 'After these things the Lord appointed other seventy also.' After the close of the Galilean ministry and the words and works attending it, Christ prepares for his ministry beyond Jordan by sending seventy of his disciples to carry his message of peace to the inhabitants of that country. The words, 'other seventy also,' mean that this company was the second sent forth upon such an errand. See the account of the sending out of the twelve, Luke ix., 1-6, and parallel passages. The seventy were to go by twos, for mutual sympathy and counsel.

2-4. 'The harvest truly is great.' Christ instructs the seventy both as to their journey itself and the work to be done. Notice two things about the instructions covered in these three verses. They were to pray for more laborers to be sent into the ripe field. They were not to feel that the entire burden was to rest on themselves, nor were they to wait until abundant help was on the ground. It was the true missionary principle, to do everything one can, and to look to God for further means.

Then the seventy were to be unencumbered with the provisions for travel, as men would make preparation. The advance troop of the missionary army was not to be encumbered with baggage, but was, so to speak, to live on the country through which it passed. No time-wasting salutations were to be indulged in—the King's business required haste.

5-11. 'The kingdom of God is come nigh unto you.' The work of the disciples and their manner of living while on this mission is outlined in verses 5-11. Their entrance into a house was to be accompanied by a blessing upon it, if such were welcome. They were to remain in one house when in a community, and not to allow their duties to be interfered with by being entertained at different places, thus adding a merely social feature to their life in any place and preventing the concentration of all their energies upon the task before them.

The laborer was worthy of his hire, that is, the disciples need not regard themselves as objects of charity because they were thus provided for. Their message and their works of mercy abundantly compensated the host who provided for them.

Upon entering a city the message of the kingdom was to be proclaimed or announced as a preparation to its more complete setting forth by Christ himself, as he later followed this introductory work.

If any city did not receive them the disciples were to publicly denounce such a rejection, but not without reminding the inhabitants that the kingdom of God was near to them. The Gospel was preached for a witness to them, and the responsibility for its rejection lay with them.

12-16. 'He that heareth you heareth me: and he that despiseth you despiseth me: and he that despiseth me despiseth him that sent me.' This is one of the most solemn passages in the Scriptures. The wickedness of Sodom was such as to call down destruction upon it, but more awful still is the condition of the soul that despises the Son of God. Notice the woe pronounced upon those cities that had refused the evidences of Christ's divinity. The real lesson lies in these last verses. Have you been ignoring his message to you?

The next lesson is 'Prayer and Promise,' Luke xi., 1-13.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, April 24.—Topic—What Christ can do for 'Darkest Africa.' Isa. xlv., 11-19.

Junior C. E. Topic.

THOU GOD SEEST ME.

Monday, April 18.—'The eyes of the Lord.' II. Chron. xvi., 9.

Tuesday, April 19.—'His eyes behold.' Ps. xi., 4.

Wednesday, April 20.—'He looketh.' Job xxviii., 24.

Thursday, April 21.—'Doth not he see my ways?' Job xxxi., 4.

Friday, April 22.—'I have surely seen.' Ex. iii., 7.

Saturday, April 23.—'Not as man seeth.' I. Sam. xvi., 7.

Sunday, April 24.—Topic—'Thou God seest me.' Gen. xvi., 7-13; Heb. iv., 13.

With the Teacher.

Do you daily pray for your scholars?

Love begets love. Love your scholars and they will love you.

To save one soul from death is worth the labor of a lifetime.

Are you discouraged? Tarry in your closet and you may hear an angel say, 'Fear not, but speak.'

Next to the parent and the pastor, the teacher has the best opportunity to influence the young.—'Living Epistle.'

Induce the scholars to study the next Sunday-school lesson at home. This will insure a better recitation and a more interesting class study.

The Teacher's Meeting.

A prominent Sunday-school worker has this to say:

'My own opinion, after ten years' trial, is that teachers' meetings for the study of the lesson are—

'1. "A necessity" to the growth of the school and the interest of the scholars.

'2. "Practicable," no matter what the location of the school and the ability of the teachers are.

'3. "Helpful" in drawing teachers and superintendents together in their work.'—'Living Epistle.'

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is April, 1904, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

How Long do Drunkards Live?

More interesting and remarkable, perhaps, than any other disclosures made by Dr. Dana are those relating to the capacity of men for drink and the duration of life among habitual inebriates. On the latter point, the conclusions reached are that in serious cases the duration of life is about fifteen years—the maximum being over forty years. In general, it is said that hard drinking can rarely be carried on for more than twenty years, and it generally brings the victim to grief at about the age of forty. Referring to persons who drink most heavily and frequently, it is said that it takes ten or fifteen years to bring on dementia or insanity, during which time it may be estimated that each inebriate consumes about two thousand gallons of intoxicants. A man fifty-two years old confessed to Dr. Dana that he had been drunk twice a day for three years, making about two thousand intoxications; another man of forty had been drunk weekly for twenty years, and a third, aged forty-three, had been drunk a thousand times in fifteen years. Two thousand 'drunks' is set down as the maximum limit in any ordinary inebriate experience. The favorite combination for hard drinkers was found to be beer and whiskey, and beer alone came well up in the scale. Other beverages used by inebriates included cocoa wine, Jamaica ginger, tincture of soap and a well-known proprietary 'bitters.' A remarkable absense of alcoholism was found in wine drinkers.—'Leslie's Weekly.'

Moderation Dangerous.

Referring to the warning against 'revelry and drunkenness' given in the Quarterly Sunday-school Temperance lesson, the Chicago 'New Voice' says:—'There will hardly a boy or girl be found in an American Sunday-school, whether they come from a country home, from a suburban villa, or from the slums that needs to be told that drunkenness is a sin and crime, and a disgrace. They never mean to be drunkards, but there are hundreds and thousands of children in our Sunday-schools who need to be told that wine and beer, lauded although they are in the full page advertisements of the magazines, tolerated although they are in the homes of respectable and even Christian people, are the gateways of ruin for body and soul, and that down the path to which they open drunkenness lies, and the drunkard's grave and shame and everlasting contempt. It is high time that the Sunday-school became an aggressive force against the pernicious heresy that is making headway in the name of "moderation" and of "Temperance."'

Progress.

Ever since the active movement in favor of temperance began, stress has been laid chiefly on the moral side of the question. This is as it should be. The moral side is the side which is most important and most conspicuous. But the temperance question has also an industrial or financial, a business aspect, which, although it has not been so generally considered, is too significant to be disregarded.

An English political economist who has been studying the causes of the wonderful progress of the United States gives most of the credit to the comparative abstinence of the Americans from all intoxicating drinks.

In Collinwood, Ohio, a suburb of Cleveland, are large repair shops belonging to the Lake Shore Railway. Just before the last election the company announced that if the town voted no on the license question the corporation would spend a million dollars there for additional shops. If the saloons remained the company did not care to increase its plant, because it could not get and keep the high class of workmen it required. The town voted for no license by a large majority, and in one month thirty-six saloons had been closed. The newspapers justly pronounced it 'a great business victory.'

The Southern Pacific Railway has been in the habit of leasing bar privileges on its coastwise steamboats. It received one hundred and fifty dollars a day from each, yet it has lately abolished all the bars on the ground that they alienated more business and entailed more expense than they were worth.

A book collector recently examined three magnificent private libraries which had unexpectedly come into the auction-room. Investigation revealed the fact that in each case the sale was due to the dissipation of the owner.

And now, to cap the climax, the liquor seller himself is urging temperance—for business reasons. The National Association of Retail Liquor Dealers passed this amazing resolution: 'Recognizing the weakness of human nature, we are ready to lend our influence to the reform of the drunkard and the curtailment of the evil resulting from excessive indulgence.—The 'Youths' Companion.'

Sober Officers.

The least hopeful sign is the blindness of the public to the fact that if drink tends to make reckless railway engineers, and stupid clerks, and unprofitable mill operatives, and bad insurance risks, it cannot make the safest army and naval officers, the best soldiers, policemen, judges, and civil officers. The social precedents of West Point and Annapolis frown upon the young officers who refuse wines. Public opinion favors the idea that a policeman or police judge may take a drink and still be a good official. What foliy it is to insist that a man in control of a railway locomotive with a thousand passengers in the coaches behind him shall be sober, lest he endanger public life and limb, and not to require that the officer with a thousand men, or the policeman or the judge on whom the safety of many thousands depend, shall be a strictly sober man. One of the lessons we have to learn about self-government is that the sobriety that is necessary for a clear-headed business manager, is just as essential for the army officer, who needs to be no less clear-headed; and what makes poor laborers and bank clerks cannot make good policemen and soldiers; and what is requisite for the school-teacher and the minister, is just as much in demand for the judge.—Dr. John Cowan.

It is not the rough and uneducated only whom the drink demon claims for his victims. From pole to pole of human life he holds ruthless sway. There is no depth of mortal wickedness he does not plumb, no height of intellect he does not scale. From the maudlin creature in Whitechapel to men of world-wide fame, whose genius has shone star-like in the heaven of lofty thought, no rank or class escape him. What names on history's bead-roll are stained by the vice of drunkenness! Amongst the older poets, Parnell, Cowley, and Prior were slaves of the cup. Addison's powerful brain reeled under the influence of strong drink. Hogg, the Ettrick shepherd, was mastered by it. Theodore Hook was wrecked and ruined by his indulgence. Hartley Coleridge, son of the great metaphysician and poet, nephew of Southey, friend and favorite of Wordsworth, with something of the genius of each, was reduced to miserable decrepitude by intemperance. The giant memory of Edmund Kean gave way beneath it. Richard Brinsley Sheridan, orator, dramatist, statesman, wit, with gift and faculty almost divine, the friend of princes, the idol of peers, died in a garret, a broken down, miserable old wretch, the bailiffs waiting only until the breath was out of his storm-beaten body to arrest the corpse—and that was drink! Charles Lamb's deplorable servitude to the bottle has been told us by himself. Campbell, whose verse has the ring of the clarion and the roll of the ocean, was a drunkard. The weird, fantastic genius of Edgar Allan Poe was not proof against the blight—he died mad drunk. Burns was a 'lost laddie' by reason of intemperance; that fatal Globe Tavern brought him to his grave. William Pitt the younger lost his health and strength in dissipation. And Byron, the most famous Englishman of his generation, died in the prime of manhood, alone on a foreign shore, affording one more terrible and tragic proof that a man who sows to the flesh must of the flesh reap corruption. —Rev. C. F. Aked, in 'League Journal.'

Brief Temperance Sermons.

(The Rev. Albert H. Plumb, D.D., in 'League Journal.')

'The man who bringeth wicked devices to pass' is the man who runs a saloon,
or stocks a saloon,
or gives bonds for a saloon,
or lets a saloon,
or votes to license a saloon,
or patronizes a saloon,
or advocates an army canteen saloon,
or fills the newspapers with contradicted lies claiming that it is harmful to abolish the canteen saloon.

One day no saloon-keeper can be found on earth. 'Yet a little while and the wicked shall not be; yea, thou shalt diligently consider his place, and he shall not be.'

A little while in God's calendar seems a great while in man's.

'Come, Lord, and tarry not,
Bring the long-looked for day;
Oh, why these years of waiting here,
These ages of delay?'

'For this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that he might destroy the works of the devil.' Selling intoxicating beverages is a work of the devil. What is fiendish if not the persistent effort, by decorating saloons and by giving thirst-inciting free lunches, to fasten on a young man an appetite which the saloon-keepers must know may ruin him, and which they can't know, in any case, will not ruin him, body and soul?

Sow a taste, and you reap an appetite. Sow an appetite, and you reap self-indulgence. Sow self-indulgence, and you reap a passion. And sow a passion, and you reap a ruined life.

The report presented at the annual meeting of the Temperance Collegiate Examination Board held at Birmingham was very satisfactory, showing that students sat for last year's examination in all parts of the country, and that a large percentage passed creditably. Professor G. Sims Woodhead, in the course of his presidential address, stated that the sooner the facts concerning alcohol and its effects on the body were brought home to the people from childhood upward, the better it would be for the health and prosperity of the nation. The Examination Board would be able to do much in that direction as the students who passed the examinations would be qualified to give instruction, especially from the medical and social points of view.

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

Correspondence

Dear Girls and Boys,—One day I was watching a lady knitting with two balls of wool,—one was red, the other white. The needles took up a strand of red and a strand of white at the same time. The work produced had a very variegated sort of effect, it was neither red nor white. After the lady had finished quite a piece she decided that the effect was not pretty, so she ravelled out the whole piece of work and her wool was again wound into two plain balls, one red, the other white. She had a little piece of white wool work begun and she decided to finish it with the ball of white which she had just unravelled. But when she began to use this wool she found it looked soiled beside the other white wool, and on looking closer, what was her surprise to find that tiny little threads of the red wool had become so imbedded in the white that they could not be separated. Now, I want you to put your mind on this and think for yourself if you ever saw anything of which this could remind you. There are several things I think of, but I will only speak to you of one.

A boy who has been well taught at home, a manly young yellow who aims at living a truly noble life, finds in his school or in his situation another young man perhaps a little older than himself, who is very fascinating and genial. They become close friends, although the first boy sees that the second does not really seem to care about goodness nor has he the same ideals of nobility, his only aim is to 'have a good time,' as he expresses it. Now, the first boy does not intend to lower his standards at all, he intends to keep his own life white and clean while still retaining the friendship of the other. So they go on, perhaps for months, perhaps for a few years; but there comes a time when those friends must part company unless they are both on the same track—too often, alas, the bad boy drags the other down. It is a dangerous experiment to make friends of those who do not care for the things we hold most holy. But when the time of parting comes it is like the unravelling of the two balls of wool. Try as we may to separate ourselves wholly from the old attachment, there still will cling to us some red threads, some remembrance of things that we wish had never been. Our lives may seem quite white in comparison with the lives of those who have not been taught and shielded as we have been; but any association with evil minds will leave upon your own mind a mark which time cannot efface.

When you are forming friendships remember the story of the wool, and look always for friends who will help you to attain to your ideals of the most truly beautiful life.

Your loving friend,
THE CORRESPONDENCE EDITOR.

Stonequarry, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm about two miles north of Lake Erie. We have fine times in the summer bathing there. We live about a mile from our school, which is north of us. We go to the Methodist Church and Sunday-school. I have two sisters older, and one brother younger than myself. Their names are Olive, Norah and Percy. I have read several books, some of which are 'Christie's Old Organ,' 'Jessie's First Prayer,' 'One Moss Rose,' 'Little Henry,' 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' and a few Elsie books and others. We have twelve head of cattle, four horses, and one colt named Smoky. Wishing the 'Messenger' every success,

LOIS A. S. (aged 12).

Ewing.

Dear Editor,—We have not any school out here, but are going to get one about four miles away. There are only five of a family, three girls and two boys. I have a little kitten. I call her Tabby. She is a very little kitten. We have lots of fun in the summer time. We pick flowers and run and play in the ponds.

MARY E (aged 10).

Rockville, Manitoulin Island.

Dear Editor,—I received the Bible, and think it is a beauty for just four subscribers. I am always glad when Saturday comes, as that is the day I get the 'Messenger.' We have had very severe weather here this winter. There has been no skating here this winter.

ETHEL W.

Lucan, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am nine years old. I have no brothers or sisters. I go to Sunday-school. I am writing this with the fountain pen I got from you for the club of six. The first time I saw the 'Messenger' was in a neighbor's house, and I liked it very much. I am sending my cousin, Judith Pendergast H., Minneapolis, the 'Messenger' for a present, and hope she is getting it regularly.

ISABEL W. Mc.

Beaver Point, B.C.

Dear Editor,—Here comes a Little girl from the far-off West. I live on an island, in the Gulf of Georgia called Salt Spring, about twenty-five miles from Victoria. We have a beautiful climate here, as there is very little snow. There are flowers in bud all winter long, and there was a bunch of blackberries picked a few weeks ago in a gentleman's garden in Victoria. Although the weather is so mild, we have a great deal of rain. There are a number of deer, pheasants, grouse and quail on the island. We have a lady teacher, and she teaches us crocheting, knitting, sewing and singing. We have five schools and four churches on the island, besides a public hall, agriculture hall and a fine creamery. I will be ten years old on March 16. ANNIE McL.

Glenford, Portneuf.

Dear Editor,—My sister takes the 'Messenger,' and I like to read it very much indeed. We live by the river St. Annes. There is a long rapid up the river, and down the river there is a waterfall, and there are a few rapids. We have had pretty good sliding this winter. We have a dog, and my brother and I harness him; he goes well. We have four pigeons: one of them was hurt, and we are trying to make it better. I think it will get better. I have five sisters and three brothers. I am eleven years old. NORA F.

Baldur, Man.

Dear Editor,—I have not been to school since Christmas. I live on a farm three miles from Baldur, and it is pretty lonesome sometimes. I always like to read the letters in the 'Messenger.' I like all kinds of housework, and always help mother. I have three sisters and two brothers. My favorite verse is:

He who has a thousand friends
Has not a friend to spare;
But he that hath an enemy
Shall meet him everywhere.

My birthday is on April 3. I shall be twelve years old. Wishing your paper every success.

EUNICE M. W.

Snowflake.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm. My aunt sends my sister the 'Messenger,' and I like it very well. I have four sisters, but no brothers. We live in the Pembina Valley, on the banks of the Pembina River, five miles from Snowflake town. We catch fish in the river, and have a nice time on the river skating. The people have cleared a place to skate, about half a mile from here. Sometimes there are a lot of people there to skate, and sometimes my cousins come up to skate. They live about three miles away. There is a new bridge built over the river, but it is not finished yet. For pets I have a cat and a dog. The dog's name is Sam and the cat's name is Tiger. My dog got hurt about two weeks ago, and he is not better yet. We are all sorry he got hurt, as he is such a good watch-dog. My birthday is on the thirty-first of May. I like reading very well.

ARCHENA M. C.

Brussels, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We have been taking the 'Messenger' for some time. We get it at Sunday-school in the summer, and it is sent to us in the winter. We have Sunday-school in our day-school from about May to December, and like it well. We have an organ, a choir and a library. There are about fifty that go to Sunday-school, and most of them are young people. I don't expect to go to school after the summer holidays. If I pass I am going to stay at home and let my brother go. I live on a farm of 150 acres, and I like it well. I like skating very much, but there is no ice around our place this year. I have been reading the letters in the papers, and only saw one or two that said anything about literature, and they told the piece they like best. I like two pieces. They are the sonnet which begins 'Mysterious night, when our first parent knew thee from report divine, and heard thy name, Did he not tremble for this glorious frame,' and 'To the Skylark,' by Wordsworth. There is no end to learning in these pieces: you can learn and still you can find something else to learn in them. I am thirteen years of age, and my birthday is on Jan. 28, and I shall be glad to receive a letter from anyone in the circle.

JOHN E.

Hopewell Hill, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I live at Hopewell Hill. It is situated in the southern part of New Brunswick, at the foot of Shepody Mountain, and near the Bay of Fundy. Shepody Mountain is said to have derived its name from an exclamation of Jacques Cartier's. While sailing up the Bay of Fundy he caught sight of the mist-encircled mountain, and devoutly exclaimed, 'Chapeau Dieu' ('Hat of God.') At the top of the mountain a fine view can be had of the surrounding country. I have one brother and two sisters. My brother Fred, sister Nellie and I would like to have our names put on the birthday book.

MARY E. N.

Bottineau, N.D.

Dear Editor,—I am eleven years old. I like Longfellow's poems best of any poems. I do not know what books I like best. Why do not more boys write to the 'Messenger'? I like to read their letters. I have a bicycle and I like to ride it very much. I have taken the 'Messenger' three years, and like it very much. I spent last winter in Ontario, and had a pleasant time visiting my grandma and aunts. I am glad I am not there this winter, because they have quite a lot of snow.

GORDON McK.

Shetland, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I think that there is no paper as nice as the 'Northern Messenger.' We have been taking it for eight years. We take six papers, but I think that the best one is the 'Messenger.' I go to the Methodist Sunday-school. I have five sisters and three brothers. My father is an engineer, and has worked for eight years in the mill. The oldest settlers of this county say that this has been the coldest and most snowy winter for forty years. I will be thirteen years old on the twenty-first of March. ELIZA P. H.

Greenwich, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I have taken your very nice paper, the 'Northern Messenger,' for over a year, and have found a great deal of good in it. Indeed, I hardly know how I ever got along without it before I took it. I think it is a very nice paper, as it has so many nice stories in it for young boys and girls. I always enjoy the correspondence page, for I always read the letters, although I think it would be better if the girls and boys wrote longer let-

ters. I like going to Sunday-school, although I do not go to it much in the winter, as I have two miles to go; but I generally go to meeting. I go to school most of the time. I have nearly a mile to go. I have not read very many books, but I think that 'How Little Bessie Kept the Wolf from the Door,' 'Jessica's First Prayer,' and 'Maggie's Message,' are just splendid books. I always read the Editor's letters, and I think them very nice, and would like if he put one in every week. I would like to see more letters from India. JESSIE MURIEL D.

Longwood, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live at the station, my father being a station agent. I have one little sister, six years old. We all went to Edmonton, Alberta, a year ago last summer, to visit an aunt and uncle. We were gone about five weeks, and had a fine trip. Last Christmas my uncle, aunt and cousin from Edmonton visited us. When they went home we went as far as Grimsby, and all of us stayed there for a little while, then they left for home, and we came back to our home. We have a dog named Spot. I have a new pair of skates this winter, and it is fine skating, but very cold. My father is superintendent of the Sunday-school, and I get a 'Messenger' every Sunday. I like reading the stories and letters.

FRANK T. S. (aged 10).

Treherne, Man.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm about seven miles and a half from the town of Treherne. We take the 'Messenger,' and we could not do without it. I got a Bagster Bible for getting four subscribers to the 'Messenger,' and everyone round here thinks it is a nice one. I go to Sunday-school every Sunday that it is not too cold, for we live three miles and a half from the church. There are four classes in our Sunday-school, and the one that attends the most Sundays in each class gets a nice book. But every child gets a prize for attending. Every Sunday we repeat some passage of Scripture at Sunday-school, and the one that repeats the most verses in each class during the year gets a nice prize. This prize is a Bible. We have a pretty large attendance at our Sunday-school considering it is in the country, and also as this is such cold weather. There have been as many as forty-five out this winter. We get our prizes on the night of the Sunday-school entertainment. I would like to join the Royal League of Kindness, and I promise to try to observe the following rules:—

To speak kindly to others.
To speak kindly of others.
To think kind thoughts.
To do kind deeds.

ESTELLA H. (aged 13).

St. Mary's, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm three miles from St. Mary's. It is quite a large town. I have taken the 'Messenger' for a year, and intend taking it this year. My birthday is on Oct. 2. I go to school, but am not going this year on account of having rheumatism. I have about a mile to go to school, and the roads are very bad in winter. We have church and Sunday-school every Sunday, and League every second Sunday night. Our preacher is very kind. He came to see me very often when I was sick, and so did many other kind friends. L. J. H.

Canaan, N.S.

Dear Editor,—We have taken the 'Messenger' for about twenty-four years, and like it very much. We like it so well that we would not do without it. I did not always live here. I used to live in St. John, N.B. I came here four years ago. I have three sisters and one brother. Will one or both of my sisters please answer this letter through the 'Messenger' if they see it in print, for I would like to hear from them very much. I have seen a lot of letters from all over the continent. My only pet is a white hen, and last summer I had eight chickens that had no mother, so I gave the chickens to her, and she took care of them until they were old enough to take care of themselves. My birthday is on Dec. 3.

FLORA I. McL. (aged 12).

Dealtown, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I like the 'Messenger' very much. My mother took it for a year, and she says she would not be without the paper for anything. I have five sisters and five brothers and my twin brother has a dog that pulls him around and draws wood in. It is just lovely here in the summer. We live near Lake Erie, on a farm. We have been here for nine years, but we are going to move.

EMMA M. W. (aged 12).

Marion, Michigan.

Dear Editor,—I like to read the stories in the 'Northern Messenger.' My cousin sends it to me. My papa is a doctor. He is kept very busy, as he has to take long drives. I live in the northern part of Michigan. There are 700 people in the village. We have a good school, a nice church of the Methodist denomination. My papa and mamma belong to the Presbyterian church. We have a nice Sunday-school, too. I have four brothers, but no sisters. I have one little cousin that was two years old on Aug. 25. Her name is Alga T. Wishing the 'Messenger' success,

MARY SIBELLA J. (aged 9).

Otonabee, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy nine years old on January 24, 1904. I live on a farm beside the Indian River. Indian River Station and village is one mile east from here, and in the summer the people of the village come up to the river and we have our tea on the bank. My father has a boat, and we go out in it very often, and sometimes we fish. In winter we skate when there is ice, and sleigh ride. We have taken the 'Messenger' for seventeen years. We get seven papers, but like the 'Messenger' best. HENRY S. B.

Millington.

Dear Editor,—Trying luck again is good work. I saw Winnie O. L. wanted to know why children wrote about pets. She wanted to hear about places and have them described. I think she ought to describe Niagara Falls first. Our nearest town is nine miles from here. It is called Magog, and it is a very beautiful place. There are no mountains near, but in the distance we can see three: Owl's Head, Sugarloaf and Orford. Orford is at the north, Owl's Head and Sugarloaf are at south and south-west.

PEARL B. (aged 9).

[Pearl should have told what province she lives in.—Ed.]

Lincoln, Cal., U.S.A.

Dear Editor,—I live in California. It does not snow where I live. Sometimes the snow comes in on the tops of the box cars on the freight train, and the men shovel it off and the school children play with it. I go to the public school, and I am in the sixth grade. My birthday is June 23, and I am eleven years old. There are eleven stores, three churches, one large pottery and a public school in Lincoln. I like the Children's Page and the correspondence best of all. My father owns a hotel, candy store and barber shop. I have a dog that I call Watch, and a cat called Flossy. RUTH McC.

Cape North.

Dear Editor,—I have two sisters and one brother. My youngest sister is only a few weeks old. I have fifty-one cousins, two grandmothers and one grandfather, who is eighty-nine years old.

JOHN M. McK. (aged 10).

Stark's Corners, Que.

Dear Editor,—I have one grandmother and grandfather living. They had their golden wedding last May. I live on a farm of fifty acres. Wishing the 'Messenger' every success, LILA M. M.

HOUSEHOLD.

Keep Baby's Diary.

A history of the first few years of a child's life is often interesting to them in after years. It is not necessary to make a daily entry, as once a week is enough to record all the interesting facts.

The appearance of the first tooth, the first laugh, the first spoken word, etc., all are things which are of great importance to the family, and interesting to the baby itself when old enough to understand it.

Often when children are older the question comes up: 'Have I ever had whooping cough?' or some similar ailment. The father seldom remembers, but if a diary is kept by the one who has the care of the child the facts are known.

A friend kept such a diary for her only child, Lilian. She bought a well-made blank book for the purpose, and had 'Lilian' printed across the cover in large gilt letters.

On the first page was a poem written by a relative on the occasion of Lilian's birth.

The second page was given up to the newspaper notices of it. Then when the mother felt equal to the task the entry was made of baby's full name, also names of the parents, the hour, day and year of birth, with her weight and height.

At three months the first photograph was taken, and her mamma removed the cardboard back from it, and pasted the picture in the book at the proper place. The photographs taken from time to time form one of the most interesting features of the diary. To know how she looked at different years of age, and to be able to exhibit these reproductions of her self to her friends, has been a source of pleasure to the little girl greater than has been derived from her most highly prized story or picture books.

Opposite the picture was a lock of silky hair, with weight and height. At the same time an outline picture of the little hand and foot were made on one page. This has been done every time there has been a photograph, until now Lilian is seven years old, and can make the entries herself when she wishes. Something has been put into the book at least once a month during the seven years, and it is an interesting little book already, highly prized by the little girl, and amply repays the mother for the time spent upon it.—'Christian Work.'

To Wash Lace.

Baste carefully on to white cotton the lace to be washed, being careful to preserve the original shape by tacking all the points, etc.; then tack another piece of cotton on top, or double the first piece over, if large enough. When this is done, wash with a solution of boiled soap and a little borax, and rinse through several waters. Then starch and iron while wet 'through' the cotton, rubbing the iron over until it is dry. Unpick carefully, and run lightly over with a cool iron.

The Children of To-day.

Among the best influences that can be brought to bear upon the Twentieth Century Child, I unhesitatingly name family prayer. This need not be a long service, a weariness to the flesh. Just a few verses read, a little prayer made, but the sweet service never omitted, and it draws the whole family, by invisible lines of attraction, nearer to the throne of God.

And yet another right of the growing child is to have plenty of time for play and a place to play in. Our cities are most uncomfortable places for boys between seven and twelve, for they may neither run nor shout nor play baseball nor football, nor do any one of a dozen innocent things in which boys take delight. Fortunate is the country lad, with great spaces outdoors to play in, and definite

chores night and morning to give a healthful amount of useful labor to add poise and stability to the boy's character. Recreation is as needful to young creatures as the air they inhale in their lungs, as the books they study, as the manual arts they acquire.

Speaking of manual arts, every boy and girl has a right to some careful training in the deft and dexterous use of his hands. In our haste to educate the brain we often neglect the hands. To know how to manage one's hands, to handle tools, to be a carpenter or a good mechanic; to know how to drive, how to row a boat, to ride a horse, to do things generally with ease and a plomb, is to be exceptionally well equipped for whatever the years may bring.—Mrs. Sangster, in 'Christian Herald.'

Keeping Linen Presses Sweet.

If you want to have your linen press always sweet and all suggestions of the laundry taken from your sheets, pillow-cases, etc., make small bags seven or eight inches square (made of silk if you can), and fill them from time to time with any sweet flowers or leaves in season—June roses, jasmine, lemon verbena (this is very good), and, in fact, any sweet flower or shrub. Put these bags among your linen and you will be delighted with the pleasant and delicate fragrance that will fill your closet or drawers.—'N. E. Homestead.'

PATENT REPORT.

Below will be found a list of patents recently granted by the Canadian Government through the agency of Messrs. Marion & Marion, Patent Attorneys, Montreal, Canada, and Washington, D.C.

Nos. 86,064, Wm. Albert Baldwin, Smith's Falls, Ont., sulky plough; 86,072, Willie A. R. Langford, Montmorency Falls, Que., means for facilitating the shifting of pillow slips; 86,073, Wm. Albert Borden, Campbellton, N.B., clothes dryer; 86,086, Murdock E. Sutherland, Westville, N.S., rifle sight; 86,089, Jacob Walther, Winnipeg, Man., automatic railway gate; 86,116, Chas. L. Gurney, Lone Tree, Man., neck yoke fastener; 86,163, Arnold M. Squire, Montreal, Que., flushing tank; 86,164, John McIntosh, Joggins Mines, N.S., clothes pin; 86,165, Isaie Belair, Montreal, Que., emergency doors; 86,204, Joseph Trepanier, Montreal, Que., boat.

NORTHERN MESSENGER

(A Twelve Page Illustrated Weekly.)

One yearly subscription, 30c.

Three or more copies, separately addressed, 25c each.

Ten or more to an individual address, 20c each.

Ten or more separately addressed, 25c per copy.

The above rates include postage for Canada (excepting Montreal City), Nfld., U.S. and its Colonies, Great Britain, New Zealand, Transvaal, British Honduras, Bermuda, Barbadoes, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands, Zanzibar, Hong Kong, Cyprus, Fiji, Jamaica, Malta, Trinidad, British Guiana, Gibraltar.

For Montreal and foreign countries not mentioned above add 50c a copy postage.

Sample package supplied free on application.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,

Publishers, Montreal.

THE BABY'S OWN

PATENTS PROMPTLY SECURED

We solicit the business of Manufacturers, Engineers and others who realize the advisability of having their Patent business transacted by Experts. Preliminary advice free. Charges moderate. **Our Inventors' Help,** 125 pages, sent upon request. Marion & Marion, New York Life Bldg. Montreal; and Washington, D.C., U.S.A.

THE MOST NUTRITIOUS.

EPPS'S

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING

COCOA

BREAKFAST — SUPPER.

WE TRUST YOU

With 2 doz. large beautifully colored packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** to sell for us at **10c.** each. For your trouble we will give you a beautiful little Watch with Gold hands on which a large rose with buds and leaves is elegantly enamelled in seven colors. Edna Robinson, Powassan, Ont., says: "My watch is a perfect beauty." Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will send you the Seeds postpaid. A 50c. Certificate free with each package. Gracie Brown, Cheverie, N.S., said: "I sold all the Seeds in a few minutes." **THE DOMINION SEED CO., DEPT. 479, TORONTO, ONTARIO.**

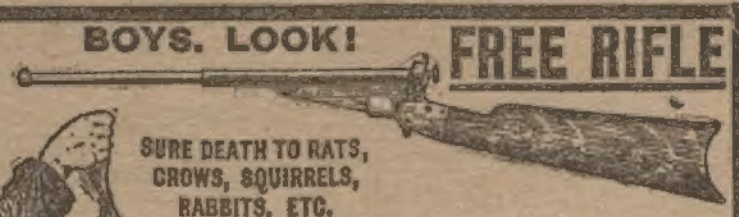
COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE FREE

It plays every kind of Instrumental music, sings every class of songs, tells you all kinds of funny stories.

It Plays Itself

SEND NO MONEY, just your name and address plainly written and we will mail you postpaid, 3 doz. large beautiful packages of fresh Sweet Pea Seeds to sell at 10c. each. (A certificate worth 50c. free to each purchaser.) Every package is handsomely decorated in 12 colors and contains **61** of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **They sell like hot cakes.** When sold, return the money and we will immediately send you this real Columbia Graphophone exactly as illustrated, with spring motor, large metal amplifying horn; all handsomely enamelled, gold trimmed and nickel plated, also one musical and one song record—Hiawatha, Dixie Girl, Annie Laurie, Carry me back to Old Virginia, My Old Kentucky Home, Old Oaken Bucket, Sally in Our Alley, My Wild Irish Rose, Kathleen Mavourneen, I'se going Back to Dixie, The Holy City, Home Sweet Home, etc., etc. Understand this is not a toy or a machine that must be turned by hand, but a real self playing Graphophone, with which you can give concerts in any size hall or room, as it sings, talks and plays, just as loud and clear as any $50.00 Talking Machine. Write for seeds to-day sure. **Prize Seed Co.,** Dept. 495, **Toronto**

BOYS. LOOK! FREE RIFLE



SURE DEATH TO RATS, CROWS, SQUIRRELS, RABBITS, ETC.

Boys! How would you like to have an **All-Steel Long-Distance Air Rifle** of the best make and latest model, that shoots B. B. Shot, Slugs and Darts with terrific force and perfect accuracy? We are giving away **Absolutely Free** these splendid Rifles to anyone who will sell only **1½ doz.** large packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** at **10c.** each. The packages are beautifully decorated in 12 colors, and each one contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties, in every imaginable color. **Everybody buys.** M. Speckes, Mono Mills, Ont., said: "I no sooner opened my parcel than I had all the Seeds sold. They went like wildfire." A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send the Seeds postpaid. Boys, this is the best Air Gun made. It has all steel barrel and fittings, improved globe sights, pistol grip and walnut stock. Is always ready for Squirrels, Rats, Sparrows, etc. Geo. Allen, Brandon, Man., says: "I received my Rifle yesterday and think it is a beauty. I have shot 5 birds already." **Dominion Seed Co.,** Dept. 428 Toronto.

Handsome Presents FREE

SEND NO MONEY

Just your name and address and we will mail you postpaid 10 large beautiful packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** to sell at 10c. each. **No trouble to sell our Seeds** when you tell your friends that every package contains the finest mixture in the world of **over 60** different varieties, all giant flowers, deliciously fragrant, in endless combinations of beautiful colors. We also give a **certificate worth 50c. free with each package.** When sold return the money and we will immediately send you this **beautiful Ring,** Solid Gold finished and set with **Rubies and Pearls,** and, **if you send us your name and address at once,** we will give you an opportunity to get this handsome Gold finished **Double Hunting Case Watch,** elegantly engraved, that looks exactly like a **$50.00 Solid Gold Watch. FREE, in addition to the Ring,** without selling any more Seeds. This is a grand chance. Don't miss it. THE PRIZE SEED CO., DEPT. 441 TORONTO

PICTURES ON CREDIT

—NO SECURITY ASKED—

We send you 15 large beautifully colored pictures, each 16x12 inches named "The Angels Whisper," "The Family Record," "Christ before Pilot," "Rock of Ages." These pictures are handsomely finished in 12 colors and could not be bought for less than 50c. each in any store. You sell them for 25c. each, send us the money, and for your trouble we send you a handsome gold-finished **Double Hunting Case** Watch, lady's or Gent's size, richly and elaborately engraved in solid gold designs, with stem wind and set, accurately adjusted reliable imported movement. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will mail you the pictures postpaid, also our large illustrated Premium List showing dozens of other valuable prizes. Address, Home Art Co., Dept. 416 Toronto.

GIVEN AWAY

And Many Other VALUABLE ARTICLES, for selling our Large Beautiful Packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c each. **To Show Them Means To Sell Them.** With every Package we give a certificate worth 50c **FREE. You Need No Money. We Trust You.** Just send us your name and address and we will send you postpaid 1 dozen packages. When sold send the money and we send you the present you choose and earn from our Large List of Unequalled Premiums. The Finest Ever Given. **PRIZE SEED CO., DEPT 463, TORONTO.**

TOOT! TOOT! TOOT

Boys! Look Here. A real Steam Engine and Boiler **Free.** Powerful, smooth running, easy to operate. Has safety valve, whistle, steam dome, stationary cylinder, piston cross head connecting rod, and crank shaft with fly wheel attached. A perfect engine, given for selling at 15c each only 8 Oriental Arabian Perfumed Lockets, each consisting of a beautiful Gold filigree heart shaped locket enclosing a medallion of Oriental Perfume, highly odorized from millions of roses, the most fragrant and durable Perfume in the world. Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will send the Lockets postpaid. A Certificate worth 50c given free with each Locket. **HOME SPECIALTY CO., Dept. 462, Toronto.**

COSTS YOU NOTHING FREE

We will give you a Beautiful 14k Gold-finished Ring, any size, set with a large magnificent Austrian Diamond, full of color and fire that glows and sparkles just like a real diamond, if you will sell only 7 very beautiful Gold Perfumed Lockets (worth 25c) for **only 15c. To show them means to sell them.** With every Locket we give a certificate worth 50c free. **You need no money. We trust you.** Write to-day and we will give you an opportunity to get a Gold-Finished Double Hunting Case Watch, elegantly engraved, Lady's or Gent's size, **free** in addition to the Ring. Address—**THE HOME SPECIALTY CO., DEPT. 461, TORONTO.**

GIRLS DON'T MISS THIS GRAND CHANCE.

9 Beautiful Presents To Every Girl FREE

We don't give you your Choice. We give you every present shown here; the handsomely engraved, Silver composition Curb Chain **Bracelet**, with Lock and key, the **beautiful little Watch**, with fancy Gold hands decorated dial reliable American works, and Solid Silver nickel case, enamelled in beautiful colors; a beautiful **Gold Watch Chain over 48 in. long**, a **Doll's Set of Furniture** in 6 pieces, and a handsome 14k. Gold-finished **Ring**, brilliantly set with a magnificent sparkling imitation Diamond, Ruby, Emerald, Turquoise or Sapphire. **Remember**, you get all these Presents absolutely **FREE**, if you will sell only 2½ doz. of our Oriental Arabian Perfumed Lockets, each consisting of a beautiful Gold filigree heart-shaped Locket, enclosing a Medallion of Oriental Perfume, highly odorized from millions of Roses, the most fragrant and durable perfume in the world. These beautiful Lockets have never been sold in Canada for less than 25c. At our price, only **15c.**, you can easily sell the whole lot in half an hour. **This is the grandest chance ever offered to any girl.** Just think, you get a Watch, Gold Chain, Bracelet, Ring, and a Set of Furniture, all for selling only 2½ doz. of our fast-selling Lockets. Be sure and write us to-day and we will send them postpaid by return mail. Address,—

THE HOME SPECIALTY CO
Dept. 459 Toronto

LADIES' WATCH AND OPAL RING Free

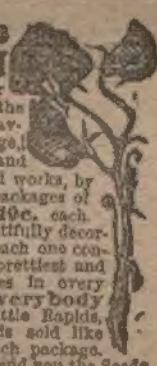
Send no Money

Just your name and address, and we will mail you postpaid, **16 Oriental Arabian Perfumed Lockets**, each consisting of a beautiful Gold Filigree Heart Shaped Locket, enclosing a medallion of Oriental Perfume, highly odorised from millions of roses, the most fragrant and durable perfume in the world. These beautiful Lockets sell everywhere for 25c., and people are glad to buy. You sell them for **only 15c.**, and give **a certificate worth 50c. free with each one**, return the money, and for your trouble we will give you this **beautiful little Lady's Watch** with fancy gold hands, on which a large rose with buds and leaves is elegantly enamelled in seven colors, and if you send us your name and address at once and sell the lockets and return the money within a week after you receive them, we will give you **free in addition to the watch** a handsome gold finished **ring** set with a **large, magnificent Fire Opal** that glistens with all the beautiful colors of the rainbow. Ladies and girls, write us to-day. You can easily sell the lockets in half an hour and we know you will be more than delighted with these two beautiful presents. Address **THE HOME SPECIALTY CO., Dept. 434 Toronto**

BOYS! BOYS! WE WANT TO GIVE YOU THESE SEVEN Handsome Presents FREE

A Self-Filling Fountain Pen (fills itself and can't leak), the very latest out, same pattern as Pens sold for $1.50; a big powerful **Steam Engine**, that makes 300 revolutions in a minute, strongly made of steel, iron and brass, has belt wheel, steam whistle and safety valve, iron stand, brass boiler and steam chest, steel piston rod and Russian iron burner compartment; **a Horseless Carriage**, runs all by itself; a tortoise shell handled **Combination Knife**; a handsomely polished solid silver nickel **Boy's Watch**, with heavy bevelled crystal, hard enamelled dial, hour, minute and seconds hands, and reliable American movement; a **Boy's Complete Rubber Printing Outfit. All** these Presents given away for selling only 20 of our Oriental Arabian Perfumed Lockets, each consisting of a beautiful filigree heart-shaped Locket, enclosing a medallion of Oriental Perfume, highly odorized from millions of roses, the most fragrant and durable perfume in the world. These Lockets have never been sold in Canada for less than 25c. **At our price, only 15c., You can sell the whole 20 in half an hour.** We also give a certificate worth **50c.** free with each Locket. **Remember**, you don't get your "choice" of these handsome presents, but **you get every one** shown here for selling only 20 of our fast-selling Lockets. No boy ever had such a good chance as this. Write us **to-day** to send you the Lockets and receive a beautiful Gold-finished Tie Pin, set with a large, fiery Ruby **FREE** as a prize for promptness. Address **The Home Specialty Co., Dept. 460, Toronto, Ont.**

Earn This WATCH



With polished silver nickel open face case, the back elaborately engraved, fancy milled edge, heavy bevelled crystal and keyless Wind, Imported works, by selling only 18 large packages of Sweet Pea seeds at **10c.** each. The packages are beautifully decorated in 12 colors and each one contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **Everybody buys.** Percy Bell, Little Rapids, Ont., said: "The seeds sold like wildfire." A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send you the Seeds postpaid. Don't delay. Edward Gilbert, Petrolea, Ont., says: "I received my watch in good condition. It is a daisy and am very much pleased with it." **THE DOMINION SEED CO., DEPT. 455, TORONTO, Ont.**

Handsome Fur Scarf and Ring FREE

We trust you with **14** large, beautiful Gold Filigree Heart-shaped Lockets, each enclosing a medallion of Oriental Perfume, the most fragrant and durable Perfume in the world (never before sold for less than 25c.), to sell for us at **only 15c.** each. A certificate worth 50c. free with each one. **No trouble to sell our beautiful Perfumed Lockets.** The first 14 people you meet will gladly buy when you say they are only 15c. When sold return the money and we will immediately send you this **Handsome, stylish Fur Scarf, over 40 inches long**, that looks exactly like one costing $10. made of beautiful, soft, warm, black Coney Fur from specially selected skins, with six large bushy tails and a handsome neck and chain fastener. If you write us at once to send you the Lockets, and sell them and return the money within a week after you receive them, we will give you **FREE, in addition to the Fur Scarf**, an elegant gold-finished **Opal Ring** in a velvet-lined case as an **extra present.** Ladies and girls, you will find our Lockets the easiest sellers you ever handled, and our presents the most beautiful ever given away. Don't fail to write at once. **The Home Specialty Co., Dept. 435 Toronto, Ont.**

Beautiful Presents FREE

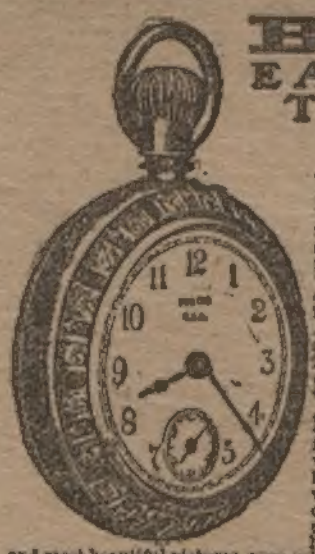
For selling our Oriental Arabian Perfumed Lockets, the newest thing out in Jewelry. Each one consists of a beautiful Gold Filigree Heart-shaped Locket, enclosing a medallion of Oriental Perfume, highly odorized from millions of roses, the most fragrant and durable Perfume in the world. They look fully worth 25c., and you will find them lightning sellers at our introductory price of **15c.** (A certificate worth 50c. given free with each one.) Send us your name and address and we will send you postpaid, and trust you with 14 Lockets. **You can earn a Present in half an hour.** When sold return the money received and we send the Present, you earn and choose from our Large Illustrated Premium List. Write at once. It costs you nothing to try. Address: **THE HOME SPECIALTY CO., 463 Dept., TORONTO.**

FREE STEAM ENGINE

Makes 300 Revolutions in a minute. Easy running, swift and powerful. Strongly made of steel and brass, handsomely nickel plated. Has belt wheel, steam whistle and safety valve, iron stand, brass boiler and steam chest, steel piston rod and Russian iron burner compartments. Boys! this big, powerful Steam Engine is free to you for selling only 6 large, beautifully colored packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at **10c.** each. **Everybody buys them.** Roy Butler, Wilsonville, Ont., said: "I sold the seeds in a few minutes. People said they were fine." Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send the Seeds postpaid. Order now, as we have only a limited quantity of these special Engines on hand. Arnold Wiseman, Kirkton, Ont., said: "My Engine is a beauty and a grand premium for so little work. **PRIZE SEED CO., Dept. 415 Toronto**

FUR SCARF FREE

Soft, warm, glossy black, 3 ft. 6 inches long, 5 inches wide, made of selected full furred skins with 6 fine full tails. A handsome, stylish fur, given free for selling at **10c.** each only 20 large packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds.** Each package is beautifully decorated in 12 colors and contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **Everybody buys them.** Mary Spence, Mono Mills, Ont., said: "I no sooner opened my parcel than I had all the Seeds sold." A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will mail the Seeds postpaid. Don't delay. Mary Murphy, McPhail, Ont., says: "I am delighted with my fur. Everyone thinks it is beautiful." **Prize Seed Co., Dept. 434 Toronto.**



BOYS EARN THIS WATCH

With Solid Silver nickel case, fancy edge, heavy bevelled crystal, hour, minute and seconds hands, and reliable American movement by selling only 7 of our large beautifully colored Pictures, 16 x 20 inches, named "Rock of Ages," "Angel's Whisper" and "Family Record," at 25c. each. **A Certificate worth 50c free with each Picture.**

SEND NO MONEY

Simply write us that you would like to earn this handsome Watch and we will send the pictures at once postpaid. You can easily sell them in half an hour as they are the largest and most beautiful pictures ever sold in this country for 25c. Write us to-day. Every boy will be delighted with this handsome Watch. The Colonial Art Co., Dept. 455, Toronto.

THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall and Frederick Eugene Dougall, both of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'